

CONTENT MAKES POOR MEN RICH; DISCONTENT MAKES RICH MEN POOR.--Benjamin Franklin

BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

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THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

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NEWS of the WEEK

MARS MARCHES ON

Paris, France--With the collapse of the three-power conference and the Italo-Ethiopian dispute, virtually all hope of averting war disappeared. Though gentle diplomatic and take will continue, no important developments are expected until the League of Nations council meets again on September

"CHANGES WITH TIMES"

New York City--Two years ago, March 17th, 1933, the New York Times called President Roosevelt's move "a transcendent feat of statesmanship." He had just sliced \$5,000,000 from the budget--\$3,000,000 from Federal salaries and \$2,000,000 from veterans' pensions. Now the House (unanimously) and the Senate (54 to 1) has a bill to restore veterans' pensions. This, with other veterans' pensions and restored Federal pay, makes the economics of the Times last week of President Roosevelt. "He has helped to destroy the last remaining major remedy achieved by the National Economy Act of 1933."

JEW-HATER CONDEMNS PRIVATE POGROMS

Berlin, Germany--"If Pontius Pilate had been a Nazi, he would not have crucified Jesus, the 'Aryan' son of Nazareth. The father of lies is the Devil." So shouted Streicher, Germany's Jew-baiter No. 1, to 16,000 loyal Nazi Jews, the immense Sportpalast. A banner on the balcony read "German girls, the Jews are your enemies." Streicher quoted anti-Semitic "jokes," inaccurate historical discourse, bitter invective whip up anti-Jewish feeling. But strongly condemned individual acts of violence. Jew-baiters felt down and the expected rioting did not occur. A few days later, in his speech at the opening of the East-Fair at Koenigsberg, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Minister of Economics, President of the Reichsbank, issued a warning that persecution of Jews, Catholics, etc., was arousing indignation in other countries and might do Germany grave harm.

CONGRESSIONAL RELIEF

Ironwood, Mich.--Frank E. Hook, Democratic Michigan Representative, denounced his State's relief administration. Prying reporters Continued on Page Four

GOULD GRADUATE MAKING GOOD IN TRADE SCHOOL

The following paragraph appeared in The Young Apprentice, the school paper of the Boardman Trade School, New Haven, Conn. "Lester Hale, who is one of our new comers, was graduated from Gould Academy up in Maine, has come to Boardman Trade School to continue his mechanical drawing. Les, as he is better known to his friends, has had previous experience in drafting wood work and machinery. He recently replaced Red Baldwin as our AA representative. Incidentally he also took the coveted position of chairman. After four months work he was placed on the honor roll."

SURPRISE PARTY

A surprise party was given to Miss Alta Smith of Yonkers, N. Y., Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davis. A picnic supper was enjoyed after which a social evening was enjoyed on the porch. Those present were Miss Ida Packard, Miss Mary Stanley, Mrs. Winfield Howe, Mrs. Arrol Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Scarborough and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brown and son John, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Miss Smith. Nine of the party were members of Miss Smith's class, Gould Academy 1911.

NATHANIEL B. BEAN

The death of Nathaniel B. Bean occurred at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Westleigh, Monday afternoon, following a shock which he suffered several days before.

Mr. Bean was born in Albany Feb. 28, 1859, the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Bean. He was one of a family of 16 children. For 22 years he was master mechanic in the International Paper Co. mill at Rumford, but his last years have been spent at his farm in Gilead.

He was married to Miss Emma Libby of West Bethel 50 years ago. He is survived by his three daughters, Mrs. Archie Mann and Mrs. Carrie Cunningham, both of Mexico, and Mrs. James Westleigh of Gilead; one son, Byron Bean of Lawrence, Mass.; six grandchildren; also two sisters, Mrs. Melina Morgan of Sabattus and Mrs. George Goodnow of West Bethel, and one brother, Frank Bean, of California.

Funeral services were held at the West Bethel Union Church at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Mr. Bollman. Interment was in the Pine Grove Cemetery.

MASON HOME AT W. BETHEL BURNED

Modern Residence Total Loss in Tuesday Fire--Gorham Pumper Prevents Spread

The home of Mrs. Nettie Mason and son Gordon in West Bethel village was burned to the ground late Tuesday afternoon. The blaze started as the result of an oil stove explosion and spread so rapidly that it was not possible to save anything from the vicinity of the kitchen. Some furniture and other articles were saved from the rooms in the front of the house.

The pumper was called from Gorham and it made a quick run to West Bethel. It was impossible to reach the river with the suction hose at the point nearest the burning building, so the pumper was stationed in the street where water was brought to it by hose, pails and barrels and forced to the wall and roof of the residence of Philip Rolfe which was very near the Mason house, so that the Rolfe property suffered only slight damage.

The Mason house was built 18 years ago and was probably the most modern home in that section. Besides the home and much of the household goods the loss included several hundred dollars worth of tools which were in the part of the house first destroyed. While attempting to save belongings Mrs. Mason was burned but not seriously.

The damage is estimated at about \$6000, with no insurance. Mr. Mason is making plans to rebuild on the same location.

After the blaze had subsided the pumper was taken down the old ferry road to the river and additional hose brought from Bethel. Water was then pumped 1400 feet to the scene of the fire and the ruins were drenched.

NOTED POETS WORK NOW IN CITIZEN

For several weeks our poetry columns have featured the work of Rev. William Wood of Bath. Mr. Wood has written poetry for many years and his subjects cover a very wide range. His work will appear in this column for sometime and at times variety for a week's selections will be entirely from his hand. His versatility has attracted wide recognition as he has appreciative letters from readers scattered from England to New South Wales. Mr. Wood is a retired Methodist minister and has held pastorates in Berlin, N. H., Bridgton, Wilton, Bath, and several other places in this State. We feel sure that our readers will find much enjoyment in following Mr. Wood's series.

RADCLIFF--COX

A very quiet wedding was solemnized at the Congregational parsonage, Bethel, Saturday evening, Aug. 17th, at eight o'clock, when Miss Irene Cox of Lowell, Mass., became the bride of Atwood B. Radcliff of West Paris.

The bride wore flowered chiffon with picture hat. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Cox of Lowell, Mass.

The groom is the son of Thomas Radcliff of West Paris. Mr. Radcliff has just served three years in the United States Army, the 66th Mass. Infantry. He is now employed by the Central Maine Power Company. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Pressey of Rumford. The double ring service was used. After a short wedding trip they will reside for the present with his parents.

Mrs. Clayton Mills suffered severe cuts and bruises in a fall down the stairs at the Odd Fellows hall Monday evening. She is reported as making a good recovery.

FIVE REFERENDUM QUESTIONS TO BE VOTED ON SEPT. 9

Monday, Sept. 9, there is to be a state election. This is to be a referendum election. Five questions will be found on the official ballot. Four are proposed amendments to the Constitution and the fifth is a reference that is conditioned upon the adoption of the amendment to the constitution, which is proposed by the state of the Deer Isle-Sedge-wick bridge project. A Maine political writer explains each amendment as follows:

The first question is whether or not the constitution shall be amended to require a longer residence than six months instead of three months for those wishing to qualify as voters.

This proposition came from Old Orchard last winter. Citizens of that town claimed that summer visitors by prolonging their stay at the resort for three months or over are under the Maine law able to register as voters and to participate in municipal and state elections, even though not bona fide citizens. Old Orchard folks object to this, though they welcome visitors, and in going to the legislature to ask for an extension of the time for gaining residence, they had in support of their proposition the fact that Maine is the only state in the Union where so short a time is required for becoming a citizen of the state. In the majority of states the time required is one year and some provide for a still longer period. New Hampshire and Vermont are six months states. Massachusetts and Connecticut have a year and Rhode Island insists upon two years.

The explanation of the short period required in Maine which is coeval with the constitution is that they should become citizens as speedily as possible.

We have gotten over the pioneer stage and, it is argued, we should allow a little longer time before granting citizenship. There was no opposition to the resolution in the legislature and there is unlikely to be any by the people.

Second Question

This is a proposition that is familiar to the voters of the state. It proposes to amend the constitution to provide for another bond issue of five million dollars for the construction of highways heretofore designated or to permit the government to issue bonds up to a million.

Continued on Page Six

LEAVES \$1,000,000 GIFT TO MILWAUKEE COLLEGE

Bethel friends of the late Timothy A. Chapman of Milwaukee will be interested in this editorial in the Milwaukee Journal on the bequest of his daughter to a college in that city.

Miss Chapman's Gift

"The bequest of Miss Alice Chapman means more than the gift of a million dollars to Milwaukee-Dowder college. It means more than a record gift by a citizen of Milwaukee to a public purpose in this city. It is the personal testimonial of Miss Chapman to the worth of a college which she knew from the inside, to which she had given devoted service as a trustee. Those who knew her best know how deep was her interest in the welfare of young girls, how she wanted the doors of opportunity opened wider for them, wanted their lives to be happier and more useful. Her gift is her testimony. We have needed such a reminder as this that wealth can be used to serve. Many large fortunes have been accumulated in Milwaukee, all too few and all too small have been the gifts to the city or the institutions which make the city greater. Miss Chapman's gift lights a candle, gives light to thought. A community in which one lives and prospers deserves something of her children. There can be no better employment for treasure than to help make that community better."

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Trucks are hauling tarvia to the roads in Albany this week.

Carl Brown and family visited relatives in Harmony Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mason of Boston are spending the week in town.

George Tuell of West Paris visited his mother, Mrs. Esther Tuell, recently.

John Twaddle spent several days this week with friends at Haines Landing.

Francis Mills of Quincy, Mass., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Walter Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Foster of Abington, Mass., were visitors in town last week.

Walter C. Allen of Concord, N. H., was calling on friends in town Monday evening.

Dr. R. O. Hood is visiting his parents in Massachusetts this week. He will return Monday, Aug. 26.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn were in Portland Sunday, the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Grant Maxson.

Mrs. Walter Strickland of Wakefield, Mass., is spending the month of August with her brother, Fred Wheeler, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wentzell and Mrs. Bessie Martyn spent the week end at Nantasket Beach as guests of L. A. Rhodenhizer.

Mrs. Flora Nevins of Newton, Mass., and son, Paul Nevins of Brunswick, were callers at Mrs. Rena Foster's Sunday.

Lewis Smith and family of Philadelphia are visiting Mr. Smith's brother, Edmund Smith, and family at Birchmont Farm this week.

Mrs. Alfred King and Mrs. Jennie King of Buckfield and Mr. and Mrs. Harold King are enjoying a trip through the White Mountains.

Miss Faye Sanborn returned to Boston Sunday after spending three weeks of her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn, her parents.

Mrs. Alberta Wight is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hutchins of Berlin at a cottage at Round Pond, Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chapman and daughter, Jean returned to their home at Bingham Wednesday after a few days visit with John Anderson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Enman and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Richards and three children are spending this week in Melrose, Mass., visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carney of Newton, Mass., and Mrs. Grace Humphrey of New Brunswick, N. J., were callers at the home of Irving French Sunday.

Garard Eames is taking a vacation from his duties at Bosserman's store while recovering from hand injuries sustained when his car overturned in a collision at Norway last Thursday afternoon. He was taking Bethel ball players to a game and collided with a car driven by Eugene Andrews of Norway. No one else was injured.

Mrs. Hayes King is caring for her grandmother, Mrs. Esther Tuell, at the home of Mrs. Irving French. Mrs. Tuell is very ill following a shock which she suffered while visiting in Sumner last week.

UNIVERSALISTS TO HOLD GROVE MEETING AT BRYANT POND SUNDAY

The grove meeting sponsored by the Oxford Association of Universalists will be held in Crockett Grove, Bryant Pond, Aug. 25. At the morning service at 11 o'clock, the speaker will be Rev. A. L. Simonson of the Canton, Canton Point, and Livermore Larger Parishes. There will be a picnic lunch at noon on the shore of Lake Christopher. Rev. Sheldon Christopher of Brunswick will speak at the afternoon service which begins at two o'clock. If stormy the services will be held in the church.



GIRLS and BOYS!

MEET Peter Rabbit, if you don't already know him. You will love Peter and his furred and feathered friends... Buster Bear, Daniry Meadow Mouse and all the rest of them.

The surprising adventures of these interesting denizens of the woodlands are told in the wonderful bedtime stories that appear in this paper. Do not miss a single one of them.



A Word, Confidentially, to Mother and Dad

Thornton W. Burgess's Bedtime Stories delight the youngsters, but in addition to that they are really instructive. Every one contains some interesting and valuable nature lore. There is a Burgess Bedtime Story in this issue. Be sure to read it to the little ones in your home.

GROVER HILL

Mrs. E. B. Whitman worked at Merchant's in Norway during last week's "Dollar Days."

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Russ of Worcester, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Averno Lapham of Hanover were guests at Burton Abbott's last Wednesday.

Mrs. E. C. Mills visited her daughter, Mrs. Clyde Whitman, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Trefethen of Portsmouth, N. H., are being entertained at Evander Whitman's.

Clyde L. Whitman and family spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Sidney Rogers, in South Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Malloy from Medford, Mass., were calling on acquaintances here recently.

M. F. Tyler is marketing a large quantity of cucumbers.

NORTH WATERFORD

Little Leo A. Serban of Newport, N. H., is visiting with his aunt, Mrs. Ralph Hatch.

Winola Kilgore and Nellie Hobson are visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Inez Flint and Mrs. Harold Wood of Boston, Mass., are spending a week at the former's farm here.

Mrs. Nora Lebroke, who was quite sick part of last week is gaining.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Moulton, who have been caring for his brother, L. E. Moulton, have returned home and Mrs. Ralph Blush is helping out there.

Mell Knights was at Lewiston Monday afternoon to a ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hall and daughter, Theo, are stopping at her grandmother's, Mrs. Nell Farmer, as Mrs. Hall is on the sick list.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mrs. Ida M. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cartwright, Gordon Cartwright and Harold Bell from Coaticook, Que., and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kimball from Locke Mills were week end guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell.

Miss Mar Jack and Miss Mary Watson spent the week end in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hill and family.

Colby Robinson from Portland is spending a few days at Leon Kimball's.

Miss Mary Dresser and Mrs. Anna Fiske were in Portland recently to see Mrs. Fiske's brother, Will Green, who is a patient in the hospital there.

Warren Palmer preached at the Albany church on Sunday. All were glad to welcome him back.

The Albany schools opened Monday, Aug. 19, for the Fall term.

Henry Durkin finished haying for Roy Wardwell, Wednesday.

Mrs. Hazel Wardwell called on Inez Flint one evening recently.

Mrs. Marion Langway is working in the Norway Laundry.

Mrs. Jack from Norway is helping with the work at Leon Kimball's for a short time.

The Clark School reunion was held Saturday, Aug. 17. The attendance was not as large as was hoped for but a very pleasant day was passed in the little birch grove at whose entrance swung a beautiful American flag, the gift of Eugene Wardwell, one of the pupils in years gone by.

Maine has a total of 11,711 Farm Bureau members.

NEWRY

Winfred Swan and wife and son were guests of Mrs. Cora Powers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thurston spent Sunday with George Learned and family.

Eleanor Learned is working at the Bear River T House.

Mrs. Irving French has had a crew haying at her farm.

Bernard Powers has gone to Magalloway.

Mrs. Edna Smith visited her daughter, Saturday.

Perley McKusie visited Walter Powers Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving French entertained some friends at her farm Thursday evening.

Harry Powers, Leslie Corbett, Lester Proof are working on the Pine Blister job on Sunday River.

WEST GREENWOOD

Arthur Dube is working with Paul Croteau for Leslie Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett and nephew of Rumford were callers at Miss Gill's cottage recently.

Parker Raimy and his brother Perley are cutting the hay on the Gill place.

Sidney Jodrey of Bethel was in town last week.

Chester Cummings was in town Sunday.

Fred Chapman called at B. L. Harrington's one day this week.

W. Warren of Bethel was in this vicinity recently.

Freeman Winslow of Lovell is cutting the hay on the W. A. Holt farm.

They have put out the sand piles on the Greenwood road from the Bethel line to the Albany line and it will be nice when the tarvia has been put on to keep down the dust.

Alister Lowe of Bethel was in town Sunday.

Miss K. Murphy of Lewiston and Miss Holmes called on Miss Gill and their niece, Miss Murphy, at the Gill cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and Miss Brewer called at the Harrington homestead Sunday, also Mr. and Mrs. Capillon and son Eddie of Massachusetts.

Mr. Croteau and family called on Mr. and Mrs. Winslow of Albany, Sunday.

Miss Alta Smith of New York and Mrs. L. Davis of Bethel called at Harrington's one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Maines of Westbrook called on Mrs. Mabel Chase, Sunday.

Dick Laurence of Bethel was in town recently.

John Deegan has started out thrashing in the fields.

Mr. Wilson was home from Brown's camp Sunday.

Fewer hogs in Germany, more in Denmark, and the smallest pig crop for many years in the United States are prospects reported by the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

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NORTH WOODSTOCK

Irina Russ recently visited with friends at Camden.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cushman were given a surprise party by their children on their 25th wedding anniversary, August 11. Many relatives and friends were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bacon, son Vance and Mrs. May Swan of West Paris called on Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cole and Mr. and Mrs. James Knights, Sunday.

Daniel Brown has finished work at Phillips and returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Noyes and family visited at Alphonso Brown's one evening last week.

Arline Buck recently visited at South Paris.

Mrs. Clinton Buck worked cleaning the school house at the village last week.

GILEAD

Mr. and Mrs. John Watson and daughters Phyllis and Dorothy Watson of Springfield, Mass., are spending this week with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson.

Miss Phyllis Curtis of Haverhill, N. H., is a guest of friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holden were recent visitors in Bartlett, N. H.

Mrs. Ira Cole of Gray is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Leighton.

Miss Lena Hicks of Beverley, Mass., and Mrs. Edith Robbins of Stafford Springs, Conn., have been visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Briggette and children have returned home from Haverhill, N. H., where they have been visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fitzgerald and children of Gorham were in town Sunday.

How shall I express my sentiments toward you?

She—On paper, please. Then you can't wriggle out of it in case I want to sue you for breach of promise.—Pathfinder.

UPTON

The Christian Endeavor Society met at the church Tuesday evening of last week and went on a scavenger hunt. Arline Judkins and Sylvia Barnett won the prize. Mr. Ricker brought four young people from Newry to join in the hunt.

S. F. Peaslee and his nurse Miss Ada Lufkin, Ray W. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Abbott and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Abbott attended the Three-quarter Century Club at Farmington, last week.

John Angevine is digging a well on E. E. Lane's land near his home. The State is working on the Anderson road and employing several persons from Upton.

The Grange is making preparations for a meeting here Saturday afternoon, this week. Azisacos, Errol and Bear River Granges are invited to be present. The State Master and the High Priest of Demeter of the National Grange will be the chief speakers.

The 4-H Club held a food sale on the piazza of Judkin's Store one afternoon last week. They realized enough to pay expenses to the annual field day and had some left toward paying expenses to the annual meeting at South Paris next October.

The State nurse will hold a baby clinic here at the library building Tuesday afternoon, this week.

A crowd gathered at Mrs. Tucker's cottage last Saturday evening to give Miss Clara Louise Kenyon a surprise party in the form of a pre-nuptial shower. She received many nice gifts.

Dollar for Dollar in purchasing power tomato juice has the edge on orange juice but cup for cup orange juice is ahead on vitamin C content, says Leone Dakin, Extension Foods Specialist.

The Maine Livestock Breeders Association will hold their annual summer field meeting at Highmoor Farm, September 7th, President Fred Nutter, Corinna, has announced.

NORTH NEWRY

Work on Pine Blister in Newry under way. L. E. Corbett, Powers and Lester Proof are employed on this work.

Miss Carrie Wight returned Tuesday night.

A play is being prepared for benefit of the church, and presented soon.

The Littlehale Reunion was at the home of Mrs. F. W. Sunday with about 40 present.

M. H. Avery of the Appaloosa Mountain Club, Washington, was at the Tower on Spec, Aug. 11. Mr. Read is here sent looking for a possible feasible point to continue trail over Saddle Back. As it after leaving Spec trail, one walk to L. E. Wight's residence pick up the trail again.

Gertrude Hanscom and son returned from Locks Monday, where they spent days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight, Sarah Wight and F. C. Bennes attended the meeting of the Quarter Century Club at Farmington, Thursday of last week.

A Blue Hill dispatch says Kiln-mistress Laura Paddock successfully making pottery, granites, copper, iron and marble found within the limits of Hill.

Read the Citizen — 52

ELECTROL

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GROUP 1 SELECT ONE MAGAZINE

- Better Homes & Gardens . . . 1 Yr.
- Delineator . . . 1 Yr.
- McCall's Magazine . . . 1 Yr.
- Pathfinder (Weekly) . . . 1 Yr.
- Pictorial Review . . . 2 Yrs.
- Open Road (Boys) . . . 6 Mos.
- Parents' Magazine . . . 1 Yr.
- Sports Afield . . . 1 Yr.
- Shoddy Movie Magazine . . . 1 Yr.
- Silver Screen . . . 2 Yrs.
- Woman's World . . . 2 Yrs.
- Household Magazine . . . 2 Yrs.
- Needlecraft . . . 2 Yrs.
- Cloverleaf Review . . . 2 Yrs.
- Home Circle . . . 2 Yrs.

Check 1 magazine (X)

GROUP 2 SELECT THREE MAGAZINES

- The Country Home . . . 1 Yr.
- Cloverleaf Review . . . 1 Yr.
- American Poultry Journal . . . 1 Yr.
- The Farm Journal . . . 1 Yr.
- Capper's Farmer . . . 1 Yr.
- Gentleman's Magazine . . . 1 Yr.
- Good Stories . . . 1 Yr.
- Home Circle . . . 1 Yr.
- Household Magazine . . . 1 Yr.
- Illustrated Mechanics . . . 1 Yr.
- Mother's Home Life . . . 1 Yr.
- Needlecraft . . . 1 Yr.
- Successful Farming . . . 1 Yr.
- Everybody's Poultry Magazine . . . 1 Yr.
- Woman's World . . . 1 Yr.
- American Fruit Grower . . . 1 Yr.

Check 3 magazines (X)

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QUOTATIONS ON MAGAZINES NOT LISTED SENT ON REQUEST

GOODBYE TO ISAAC

D. S. BROOKS

There's a true story of real action that I hope will bring about a deeper feeling of comradeship between father and son. I always read when the day comes and boy says, "Goodbye, Mother and I must be leaving you."—although he may be going to accept a very remunerative and trustworthy position. Some go because they are tired of "that old same-old" fathers—when you are young, did you ever feel this about the old home? But how you feel when you stood beside an open grave to lay away those who had sacrificed for your protection and comfort? The boy can't see this experience of sadness, he has become a father and exactly where you stand to—therefore, we must be kind, let our sympathy extend to even if he travels the road to Babylon. Our love still follows.

It may be interesting to consider a concrete case of this kind—let it into two chapters—that of Zebulun and his younger son, Isaac. The Zebulun farm lay in a fertile valley. Uncle Eli and son Reuben had maintained a congenial relationship. Every day went harmoniously. Reuben contented with life at the old place, and he was a faithful, earnest worker. The father was now the weight of the years; he transferred more and more responsibility to this capable son who was only too glad to be of service to such a noble father. The farm was large enough to have been called a ranch. There were many hired servants to attend to the grazing herds; and to care to the large flocks of sheep and goats on yonder hillside that skirted the valley; and to the general husbandry of the place.

Zebulun was a grand old man, everybody loved him wherever his name was known. He was never troubled by labor strikes for less pay for an increase of wages. He was an appetizing and hearty; the help had just as much as the guests of honor. There were leisure moments that all took for pleasure or personal amusement. Whenever anyone arrived at a milestone in life, it was celebrated with a party in their honor. Now the time came again to observe the custom Isaac. He would be of "age" time. Would he choose to join his father in the management of the farm and enter more fully the relations, or would he choose to "cash in" on the patrimonial and leave home? Isaac had a brother, Jonas Israelson—who lived outside the town. This lad was as wild and disrespectful as his father "the old man." He planned on running away to Babylon, and seeing the world as he styled it. He had

often talked with Isaac and pictured the attractions of city life in glowing language. One day he grew bolder than usual and said "You'll soon be of age; why not come with me and enjoy adventure? You'll have freedom to do as you please. Your old man is rich and can spare you a large slice of his wealth, and have a plenty left to take care of his estate and see him 'through.' Come on now and be a sport! You'll come back some day richer than he is. Don't spend your time on an old farm like Reuben is doing. Your brother is too easily contented with simple life; he will never see the world nor be anybody."

On the eve of Isaac's "birthday" feast, his musings were on the side of the tempter. He says to himself, "Why should I remain at home? It would be a monotonous life. No circus nor nothing ever come to this out-of-the-way place. Things run too smooth and easy here to satisfy me. I like excitement! I am going to enjoy life—have some fun—what a swell this old world. I'll pick up a few things I'll need until I get to the city; and then I'll buy new and throw the old rags away and be a real dude. Everybody will see what a swell I am and will tumble at my feet. I'll give parties and dinners to the smart set. And if I want to play in the gambling dens and make a few more thousands to add to my wealth, whose business is it? There will be no one to put the soft pedal on Ike. I'll write home once in a while that I am living in ease and luxury, and won't poor Reuben be jealous! Ah, boy!" With these vain thoughts Isaac falls asleep, dreaming of a gay life and plenty of friends. In a short while, the eastern glow of early morning arouses him to action. This is his day; and he must have a little talk with his father before the big dinner.

With some embarrassment, Isaac slips around to the office of the big mansion where his father has a desk, and plans his work, and meets his business associates. Mary, the office girl, says, "Your father does not seem well this morning. John has escorted him to the hammock in the shade of the big elm near the vineyard." So, Isaac hastily repairs to his father's resting place and speaks on this wise, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." (St. Luke 15:12.) We listened to hear him make some loving remark to his old dad, but were shocked to see him grab the glittering gold; that the servant had brought at the father's bidding; and hurriedly depart to dress for the feast.

The hour came to leave the old home. The "goodbyes" were briefly said; and our happy young adventurer starts his gay career out among strangers. We can't hold

him back. He has his liberty; and we can only bide the time and await results. . . . Years have passed and he has not been home. No letter has come to bring any news. Many a messenger has been sent out, but no trace of this "worldly-wise" young man can be found.

Next week, I hope to finish this story, if we can learn anything as to his whereabouts.

EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Russ of Worcester, Mass., were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Haines. Eugene Burns, Chalmers Newton, Bernard Bartlett, Mellen Kimball, Malcolm Farwell, Rodney and William Howe climbed Mt. Spec in Grafton, Wednesday morning, staying in the shelter at Spec Pond that night and returning home early in the next forenoon.

Ola Olson, Mr. Enman and Mr. Lane have finished J. H. Swan's haying.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett, Raymond and Bernard Bartlett, Rodney and William Howe spent Sunday at Camp Rosewood, on North Pond.

G. K. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. John Howe and Agnes Howe were in South Paris, Friday to attend the funeral of Charles Kimball, who lived here before moving to South Paris. His home was on Kimball Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings and children were in Lisbon Falls, Wednesday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hastings' grandmother, Mrs. Bickford.

G. K. Hastings, W. S. Hastings, with George Cole and Leo Cole of Greenwood were on Baldface Mountain, Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Hastings and children spent the week end in Greenwood with Mrs. Cole.

Leslie Noyes, Eugene Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings, John Howe, Rodney and William Howe and B. W. Kimball went to Baldface Tuesday morning, planning to camp out on the mountain.

Charles Reed, Lewis Smith, with several others were on Bear River, Milton, blueberrying the past week.

O. B. Farwell has his threshing outfit set up in "the new barn" and all the neighbors are hauling oats there from the fields to thresh in—instead of storing in barns until cold weather, as in years gone by, and then waiting for the machine to come around making extra work for both men and women as big dinners were expected by threshing crews of olden times.

O. B. Farwell had to use his truck to haul the cucumbers from various farms to South Paris, Monday as Kimball's trailer was too small.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Thomas of Sumner, Mrs. Jecuseo and son of New York, Mrs. Chiodo Hall and two sons of Natick, Mass., and Masters Bert and Walter Thomas of Nutley, N. J., were callers at J. H. Howe's, Wednesday.

A family party was held Sunday at the home of Charles Reed. His mother, Mrs. H. O. Blake and sister, Mrs. Carl Hutchinson with her children and grandchildren were present and dinner was enjoyed on the lawn.

S. B. Newton and son Chalmers attended Skowhegan Fair, Friday. Chalmers remained with his aunt to attend school.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

Marion Osgood has returned to her home after a three weeks visit with Edith Carter.

Mervin Buck is spending a few days in Portland with his uncle, Archie Buck.

Stanley Carter, who has been spending a few days at his home, has returned to work.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood and daughter spent two days of last week with Mrs. Kimball of Locke Mills.

A large group of people spent a very enjoyable afternoon swimming in Songo Pond, Sunday.

A party of six from this vicinity took a two day trip to Mt. Baldface in Chatham after blueberries and reported a fine time and plenty of berries.

Mr. Casey has bought a house lot from L. E. Davis across the road from Jack Buckman's and is building a house. Sam Badger is helping him.

The blight has struck the potato fields in this vicinity and threatens to cut the crop in half.

Ada Cotton has returned home after spending several days in South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Brown spent Sunday making calls on friends in Bethel.

Mrs. Lloyd Thompson has returned from the Rumford Hospital and is reported much improved.

W. T. Green of Rhode Island entertained a group of friends at his camp one day last week.

Several men of this community expect to go to Fryeburg next week to work for the canning factory there.

SOUTH BETHEL

Blin Collins and family and Merwin Collins and family left last Thursday to visit their folks and friends at Bingham and Bangor, returning home Monday evening.

Mrs. Elsie Brown and daughter are leaving this week to spend a vacation at Mechanic Falls.

Mrs. Kay Eldredge and two children left a week ago last Saturday to visit Mr. Eldredge's sister, at New Gloucester, spending a week there. Mrs. Eldredge returned home with her son, Charles Deady and Mavis Eldredge is to remain two weeks longer with her aunt.

The Tebbets Mill closed last Thursday to open this Tuesday and at this writing will not open the rest of this week.

Mrs. Mary Lovejoy is having work at the toy shop of Tebbets Mill for three days or maybe the week.

Mrs. Mary Lovejoy's daughter has returned home to Rumford with her grandmother.

Archie Lovejoy is having work at Wilson's Mills.

Fred Bartlett has moved his camp and has bought a home at Mechanic Falls.

Joseph Leonard is taking treatments for his hearing at Rumford and at present is able to hear somewhat better.

CHANGING THEIR MIND

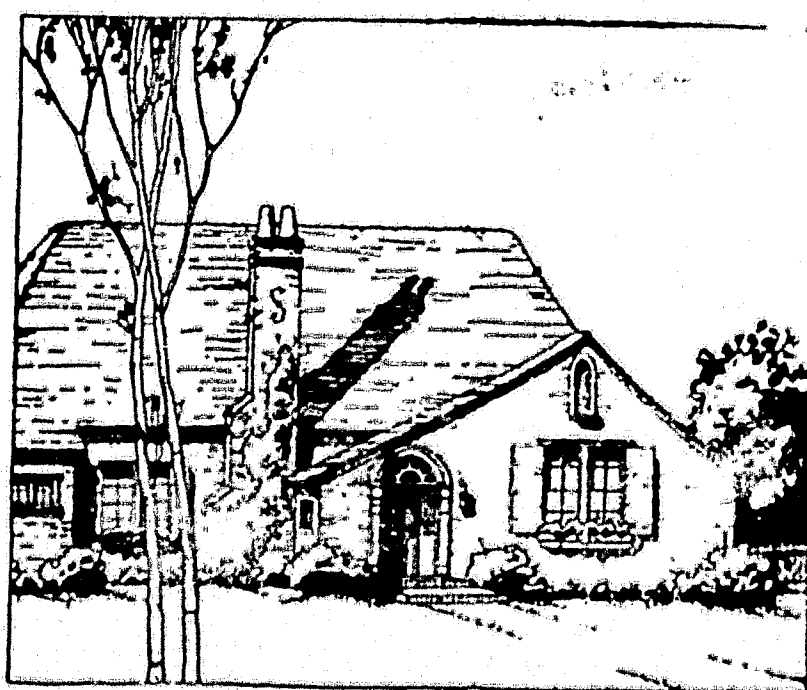
Many people who thought that they could do without a checking account have changed their minds and are now depositing with us. Are you one of them?

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BETHEL, MAINE

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS

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MALAD DRESSING	
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Juice,	10c
Stuffed	
Queen Olives,	25c

en's Market
BETHEL

The word "bohemian" means a person of foreign birth. It refers to people who go out to settle towns and live by themselves.

A similar situation is holding up the Banking Act. The Administration wants an act providing for centralized banking, under which a political-appointed board would take the country's banks in major particulars. This kind of act passed the House, reached the Senate, and died there. The late Sen. Carter Glass, father of the Federal Reserve Act, Mr. Glass wants a modernized federal reserve system continued, based on the idea of political

SECRET

In Chicago, David Rippe or beat 100 women in a making contest. In Boston, Mann, 66, knitted faster than women competitors. In Seattle, I. Love, 29-year-old father, diaper-changing contest. He 6 seconds flat.

Prices Before
Direct or Buying
Traveling Agent

WHAT WOULD INFLATION MEAN TO YOU?

By
RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman, Sentinels of the Republic

Are you fast on your financial feet? Did you make a fortune out of the war? Did you clean up during the early twenties by buying houses and selling them at a big profit to families desperately in need of homes? Did you jump into the stock market before the boom, then, after cashing in, help the depression along by selling short back '29 and '31? If so, inflation's a fine thing for you. It offers the perfect break for every unscrupulous speculator greedy enough to make money out of other people's troubles. BUT— If you carried a gun instead of a margin account in the hectic years of '17 and '18, if you supported a family instead of a racing stable during a post-war boom, if you have tried to protect your family with life insurance or savings account, or with the bits of honest toil at your job, or farm or your business—then inflation is going to hurt. The history of every nation that has tried this financial lever-main shows that it penalizes the man who works and the man who saves. In each instance the cost of food and clothing and other have mounted higher and more swiftly than wages—and the purchasing value of savings is shrunk.

You've heard a lot about inflation during the past two years. You're going to hear a lot more about it, too. Unbalanced budgets, needless expenditures by government officials, mounting taxes—if continued, will make a real inflation inevitable. Many believe it is already in progress. The Smart Money Boys will see its coming. But the men and women who work and save will want to halt it. How can they achieve their goal? One way is to turn to the man who wants to experiment with your money and ask, "What does inflation do to ME?" Another is to tell the politicians that they must stop the orgy of whose inevitable end is a shattered credit and its hopeless sequel, inflation. The decision, as always, rests with the people—if they will seize the power which the leaders of America won for them and the Constitution preserves.

TOURISTS WILL SHOW RESULTS OBTAINED

Two pasture tours will be held in Oxford County next week. On Monday, Aug. 26, the tour will be at G. K. Hastings & Sons' farm in East Bethel. Inspection of pasture on this farm will start at 9 Standard Time. Other stops during the day will be at Charles W. East Bethel; Willard Wyman, Rumford; and L. L. Haines, etc. The progress of the tour will be halted long enough at Mr. Hastings' to eat a picnic lunch. The other tour will be through the central part of the county on Monday, Aug. 27. Pastures belong to Harold Pike, Waterford; Boston Brothers, Norway; E. B. H. Paris; and Bertrand Buck, Bethel. The men will meet at Mr. Pike's farm at Standard Time and the picnic will be at Thurston Brothers' farm.

The pastures visited will show the systems of management, which have given good results. At each stop the owner of the farm will tell something of his experience with pasture improvement. F. Talbot, Dairy Specialist, will attend both tours and will answer questions and discuss pasture management. Dairy men throughout the state are acquainted with Mr. Talbot and his experience and advice makes him well qualified to discuss the practice.

MAGAZINE DESCRIPTIONS
Our Prices Before Sending Direct or Buying of Traveling Agents

A Matter of Color

By **HAL G. VERMES**
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Service.

I HEARD of all kinds of figure men in my day, but nobody like Roaring Reggie. There was the dizzy dame at Belmont who looked over the nags in the stables and then cracked down her cherries on the bangtail with the dressiest mane. And, of course, there's plenty of bets on the hide carrying the best looking rider.

But this story is about Roaring Reggie and the system he worked out that would have worked all the time if it would of, by which I mean Reggie would of made him a barrel of cherries if only.

But to begin at the starting gate, there we was at the Whoosh oval, where anything goes. Beezer Bertie, Harry the Pinhead, Mudder McMorck and me. We're looking over the field and keeping our hands in our pockets until we see something that will pay plenty.

I am serious thinking what we're going to do to pick up very much more cherries when this Roaring Reggie comes up to us at a canter so happy that it hurts me to look at him. Seems like he's a friend of Mudder McMorck's, but that don't mean he's somebody, because McMorck knows anybody. Anyway, we listen to his spiel because it don't cost any cherries. And seems like this Reggie boy is a new kind of a deopster. He's got a system which is crazy enough to look good to Mudder McMorck, who eats anything up even if it's spinach. After listening, I'm laughing all over, but in 1.35 flat, McMorck, who would be dumber if he was dead, sells the system to Harry the Pinhead and Beezer Bertie.

What can't I do then? I can't do nothing because the odds are against me.

Well, what Reggie is roaring about is the positive payoff in a run-around for maidens that is due to go in a matter of minutes. The filly Reggie wants our cherries for is Susan Sevenup, who nobody ever heard of never.

And this is Reggie's system. He piles up all his cherries and plays 'em strictly on the color of the gallopers' coats. He has a listful of facts and figures, but we ain't got time to digest them.

Bertie, Harry and Mudder is fighting to throw their cherries away on this Susan Sevenup, but I hold down the barrier while I asks this Reggie how can we lose? Which is the question I asks all tipsters, because if we can't lose, then I'm in.

So Reggie shows me the dope where in fifty-four races, bays win twenty-six times, chestnuts are on the front end only fifteen times, brown two, and black just one time. Now, what makes it sweet is that in this maiden merry-go-round, the only bay is Susan Sevenup.

"And she has to come in with the dimer," says Roaring Reggie, "because the rest of the maidens are all browns except for one black, which last will fall apart at the first turn."

The only reason I have no stable of my own today is because I am some of the people that Lincoln said you could fool all the time. Roaring Reggie convinced me, because by this time I want to be convinced. Especially when he relates as follows:

"Because this filly is a stranger in the East," he says, "and she has a strong field against her, we can get fifty times over and over our money on her from a bookie what don't know any better than nothing."

While I'm thinking, Beezer, Bertie and Harry the Pinhead, are out promoting some more cherries on the cut, and when they comes back we've got over a grand in the pool. And I have to admit, that my split of fifty grand, even if it goes five ways, will keep the misus in blond hair nets for as long as she'll be a blond.

The post parade is going by then, so I ain't got no more time to think. It don't make no difference, because now Roaring Reggie has got all our cherries, and all we get left is hope. And I don't feel so good because I know that if that's all that's left afterwards, then we got a long walk back to New York. I ain't going to tell about that

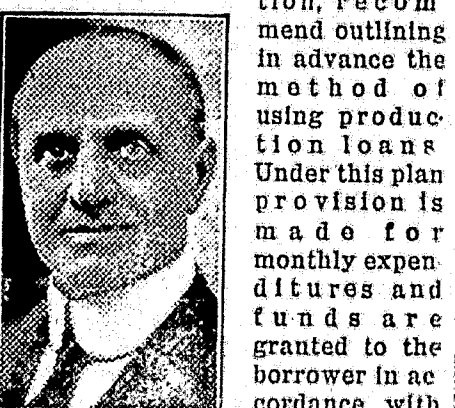
race all over again because my heart ain't what it used to be. Sufficient to say that the dark horse what nobody knows cops the heat, Roaring Reggie's prize bay follows through, which just don't mean nothing to us because, of course, we put all our berries on her nose for the long odds.

I'm thinking of visiting a cemetery just for the ride when McMorck brings the glad news that the winner was a ringer. Tallsman S. by name, a brown-coated gelding what was painted black to get him in this exclusive maiden event. So then the purse goes to Susan Sevenup, our filly; and before the fly bookies can leave for parts which is neither here nor there, we is filling our pants with our winnings. Of course Beezer, Bertie, Harry the Pinhead, and Mudder McMorck is all for playing the color system from then on, but I kills that dopey idea when Roaring Reggie reveals to me private that he can't tell a bay from a chestnut because he's been color blind all his life.

THE FARM BUDGET

By **DAN H. OTIS**,
Agricultural Director, American Bankers Association

Inventories aid in the formation of a farm budget. Some banks, as well as the Farm Credit Administration, recommend outlining in advance the method of using production loans.



D. H. OTIS

Under this plan provision is made for monthly expenditures and funds are granted to the borrower in accordance with the budget plan. Budgets help show how loans can be repaid. With the accumulated data from previous inventories and budgets budget making becomes easier and more accurate and valuable. As one branch of the farming plant requires more expenditure, such as for new machinery, fencing, livestock, etc. it may be necessary to limit other to meet pressing requirements.

The budget helps to formulate a financial program. It is of special importance in arranging to meet special or large expenditures. If the income and expenditures are carefully budgeted it prevents the spending of money needed for interest and taxes before the time of payment.

The Agricultural Commission of the American Bankers Association feels that this type of work is so important that special emphasis has been placed upon the field of farm inventories, budgets and credit statements as one of its national projects for farm aid.

Paid for With Sables
The sable was the cause of the opening up of Siberia and this animal has paid a large portion of the cost with its skin.

Stone Age People
In a part of New Guinea heretofore unexplored, an expedition found a dense population living on the primitive level of the Stone Age.

Burning at Stake in N. Carolina
In the early days of North Carolina, burning at the stake was an official manner of inflicting death sentences.

Some People Believe This
Wish on the new moon and you will get whatever you wish for.

Effect of Rarefied Air
The rarefied air of high altitudes has a strange effect on the minds of mountain climbers. They not only experience difficulty in remembering what they are doing but sometimes have hallucinations which cause them to descend the mountain while believing they are still going upward.

Most Rulers Liked Dogs
The breeding and keeping of dogs always have been the hobby of kings and other rulers. For example, it is known that Arabian kings more than 2,000 years ago gave to the Saluki (a racy hunting hound) the choicest tid-bits from the table and the finest linen from their beds.

40 years ago

Quoting THE BETHEL NEWS' Week by Week History in 1895

Hay rack rides are quite the rage. Judge Foster is home from Portland this week.

S. N. Buck has a bicycle, built for two, for sale or to let.

Middle Intervale—Business at C. C. Bean's ferry is very brisk, especially in the early morning.

WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Abbott, daughter Caroline and son Charles, from Portland, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Abbott and family.

Arthur Gilbert went to Portland Saturday to join the CCC boys. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilbert motored to Portland with him.

Mr. and Mrs. William Francis and children, Hilda and William Jr., also Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Larken (nee Marion Francis) of Birmingham, Ala., also Ralph Barden of Boston were in town calling on friends Saturday. Mr. Francis will be remembered as he was employed by the Whitten & Dennison Post Card Co. He has not been here for 25 years, and of course saw many marked changes in the friends and in the village.

Mrs. Clarence Bennett and children, Miss Esther Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kneeland and family enjoyed a picnic at Pappoose Pond, Sunday.

Gerald Cushing conducted the services at the church Sunday evening.

Miss Laura Hutchinson was the guest of Mrs. James Westleigh week.

Mrs. Estella Goodridge was the guest of Mrs. Carrie Goodnow last Thursday. While there she learned that Mrs. Goodnow was the only person who was here when she came here 69 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Mann were guests of Mrs. James Westleigh Sunday.

Lester Hale, who has been spending two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hale, returned to New Haven, Conn., Friday morning, where he will complete his course in mechanical drawing at the Boardman Trade School.

Mr. and Mrs. Bion Brown of So. Paris were guests of Mrs. Gladys Bean Sunday.

MRS. HERBERT MORTON WINS FIRST PRIZE IN STATE CONTEST

Mrs. Herbert Morton of North Newry won first prize of \$10 in Class I of the Kitchen improvement contest which was held throughout the state. This contest is organized on the basis of improvement made in relation to cost. Class I—Improvements costing up to \$50.

Class II—Improvements costing from \$50 to \$100.

Class III—Improvements costing \$100 and over.

The Farm Bureau State Federation awarded a first prize of \$10 and a second prize of \$5 in each of the above classes.

Prizes were awarded to the following:

Class I—First, Mrs. Herbert Morton, Oxford County; second Mrs. Mary Elkins, York County.

Class II—First, Mrs. Eunice Buck, Cumberland County; second, Mrs. H. G. Pettingill, Kennebec County.

Class III—First, Mrs. Hazel Flanders, Waldo County, second Mrs. Mary Nash, Knox County.

PERKINS VALLEY, WOODSTOCK

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Benson, Miss Flora Parsons and Mr. Bustin of Portland were Sunday callers at Nelson Perham's.

Charles Swinton had a crew helping him Sunday to newly roof his house.

Myron Littlehale came home Saturday from South Lancaster, Mass., so as to be here to attend the Littlehale reunion Sunday.

Wilma Hendrickson is on the sick list and her mother, Mrs. A. D. Littlehale, is caring for her.

Carl Franz has returned from New York, where he has been visiting his sister the past month.

Mrs. Roscoe and family from Vermont were callers at A. R. Hendrickson's Thursday.

The G. L. Whitman reunion was held at the home of Nelson Perham Sunday, Aug. 10. There were 50 members present.

Work has begun on the Adventist Church grounds, under the charge of Everett Wilson. A dwelling is to be built for the teacher, Mr. Shaw of Portland, the yard graded and an addition put on the school room, and electric lights installed.

Walter Appleby has bought a Chrysler car.



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WITH THE POETS

Our Readers—If there is an song or poem which you cannot find in the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader will help the reader select a poem, advice on hobbies, from famous coaches and money-earning suggestions, hints, and words.

A KING OF KICKERS

Rev. William Wood
A singular New Englander, then pictured as he is, old challenge artists' pencils his bewhiskered phiz; hair uncut, his shoulders bent, as thews all whalebone-tough, he not asleep he always worked, he couldn't do enough. Hewed tobacco all the time, when the breezes blew, and amber streaks across his cheeks, and on his shirt, once blue, turned some rough and stony and to a farm of fields and in and famous for such crops and flocks as sweating yields. Men who did not work as he, said were little use to eat the stuff he raised, and racks for shirts and shoes! And contempt for city chaps to simply hang around! Hece the hard-put farmers to haul their stuff to town! Government is always wrong, I goin' to the dawgs, men who save and have a bit of big, fat, greedy hawgs! Day the village minister driving out his way, and awaiting, waiting no delay, over one old waddling hen slow to miss the wheel, at her kicking up the dust, respect for a meal! He saw her sprawling there, all his fowl the best, tearing out said, "Drat the hen in the town or place all continue to be an egg state during said period. But persons in the mill or this state, shall no residence by being age, in any town or place, shall be deemed to be in the state in the mill."

AMERICAN BOY costs year or \$2 for three subscriptions 50 extra. Send your name and remittance to CAN BOY, 7430 Detroit, Mich. Service with the issue you stands, 10c a copy.

Citizen and News- Year, \$4.50.

Referendum Question 9, 1935

removing or destroying

rows, Secretary of State

proposed questions are marked "YES" or "NO" or squares marked

proposed that Section Articles XXIX and

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But persons in the

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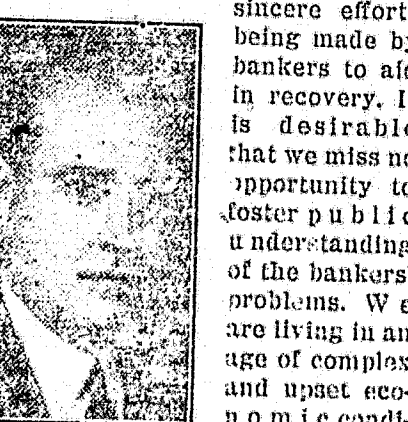
the construction of

They see the criminal in me! I wish that I could die! I've broken laws, debauched my friends, and did it all for wealth. And now I'm shackled hand and foot, and broken in my health! I've lost my friends! I am despised! Folks curse the ground I tread! What good is wealth, with honor gone? I wish that I were dead! Yes! Dead and buried! But alas, I am not fit to go! The officers are on my track and dog, Yes, dog me so! Whichever way I turn is hell! Life brings no good to me! I hate myself, and everyone, and everything I see! O boy! Take this advice from me! Stick to the thing that's right! Avoid the gain that aggravates my agonizing plight! Better far be poor but good, and have a conscience clear, Which I have bartered like a fool for wealth and guilty fear! O bring me back the peace I knew before I had this spell That lured me into lawlessness and makes my life a hell!

THE SAME COUNTRY

By ROBERT V. FLEMING
Vice President, American Bankers Association

There is a growing appreciation, both on the part of the people and the Government, of the earnest and sincere efforts being made by bankers to aid in recovery. It is desirable that we miss no opportunity to foster public understanding of the bankers' problems. We are living in an age of complex and upset economic conditions. Our affairs are inter-related not only within the confines of our own borders but extend to other countries throughout the world.



R. V. FLEMING

The Greatest Difficulty

I think the greatest difficulty we have to overcome in America today is due to our impatience with the progress we are making towards recovery. We must realize that while the Government can help by direct-

ing some measures for relief and recovery, we must help ourselves by doing our share to give impetus to the Government's efforts. We have the same country and basically the same businesses, factories and people we had prior to the depression, and business initiative must step forward if real recovery is to be achieved.

The theory we often hear expressed that banks create business activity is wrong. Banking can only make a supplementary contribution to business activity. Bankers have the facilities and the desire to extend credit, but business must initiate activity by seeking the credit which is readily available to all worthy borrowers.

Let it be said for business, however, that business men are as eager as bankers to contribute towards recovery. I think some of the troubles lies in the fact that too many legislative measures have been proposed for reform which leave an uncertainty in the minds of business leaders as to their eventual outcome and effect. Consequently, they hesitate to expand until the probable effects of such legislation are known.

Material for Wedding Rings

Wedding rings have been made of almost every conceivable material, such as precious metals, bone, crystal, ivory, or glass, and beautified with all manner of carvings or set with many jewels, but the most popular have always been gold, the metal which may be bent but not broken, and, like true love, passes through the furnace purified but indestructible.

Carpenter's Square Ancient

The carpenter's square dates from prehistoric times, and has been found represented in an ancient Egyptian tomb. According to Frederick T. Hodgson in "The Steel Square," the first steel square of which he finds record was made in the Nineteenth century near New Haven, Conn. Rule steel squares were made in Sheffield about 150 years ago.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Miss Nina Stevens and daughter of Hartland were guests several days last week of Mrs. Harlan Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Walsh of Freeport were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Davis.

A. M. Andrews and party including Frank Andrews, Harland Andrews, Orlando Robbins of West Paris and John Titus of So. Paris enjoyed a three day trip last week including Greenville and Jonesport.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Davis in company with Mr. and Mrs. J. Everett Howe of Bryant Pond were at Umbagog Lake on Sunday.

4-H BOYS AND GIRLS ATTEND STATE CAMP

Nearly 200 boys, girls, and chaperones from every county in Maine were welcomed by President Arthur A. Hauck to the Fifth Annual State 4-H Club Camp at the University of Maine, August 14-18.

Kenneth C. Lovejoy, State Club Leader, explained the Camp organization at the opening assembly on Wednesday evening. Group games in charge of D. P. Corbett, F. W. Hagan, and Gardner Tibbetts, helped everyone to become better acquainted.

During the week for the boys: Gardner Tibbetts conducted classes in Dressing Poultry, F. W. Corbett, Mixing Feed, and Judging and Culling Poultry. R. F. Talbot, Dairy Specialist, had classes in Dairy Feeding, showing and Judging. Rope Work was in charge of Howe Hall, Assistant Professor of Animal Industry.

Dr. Delmar Fink of the Maine Experiment Station demonstrated Soil Tests for acidity. Richard Riley of the Horticulture Department discussed Garden Pest Control. Vernon Palmer, Seed Potato Inspector for the State Department of Agriculture talked on Potato Grading.

The girls program consisted of classes in Meal Planning, Leone Dakin, Extension Foods Specialist in charge; Hat Making and Clothing Instruction by Helen C. Spaulding, Clothing Specialist; Improving Your Room, Edna M. Cobb, Home Management Specialist; A Baking Contest; and a Style Dress Revue. The state winner in the Style Dress Revue receives a free trip to Chicago this fall.

Both boys and girls received instruction in Parliamentary Practice from Fred Loring, Director of Short Courses in the College of Agriculture. Mrs. Rena Bowles, Home Industries Specialist gave talks on "How Personalities Grow."

In addition to the educational program there were sports and recreation group games and singing were popular and athletic contests furnished plenty of exercise.

Boys and girls attending the camp included county winners in the Garden Grading, Poultry Grading, Baking Contests, and the Style Dress Revue and others who have done a high grade of 4-H Club work. Those attending from this part of Maine were: Howard Corbett, Buckfield; Clarence Jones, Rumford; Chester Wheeler, West Bethel; Roger Stearns, South Paris; Frances Adams, East Sumner; Alice Stevens, Canton Point; Elaine Bailey, Norway; Mary McLasky, East Brownfield.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of James J. Spinney late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

MARION SPINNEY July 16th, 1935. Bethel, Maine. 21

FRID W. ROWELL, Register.

WEST PARIS

Miss Geraldine Williams, who teaches in Georgia and has been taking a special course at Bates Summer School, is spending a vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Doughty are spending a vacation with relatives and friends from South Paris at Charles Curtis' camp, Pleasant Pond, West Sumner.

George Waterhouse and Miss Alta Hendrickson were injured in an auto accident when their car left the road, mowed down a white road post, and crossed a ditch, Sunday afternoon at Snow Falls as they were returning from a ball game. Miss Hendrickson's face was cut on either side and shoulder injured. Mr. Waterhouse suffered a bad injury to his arm.

Mrs. Minnie Day entertained the Past Noble Grand's Association of Onward Rebekah Lodge at her home on Greenwood Street, Wednesday, Aug. 14. A very pleasant afternoon was spent playing Beano, served. Mrs. Izora Berry won high score and Mrs. Marion Mayhew low score.

MILTON

Mrs. Ella Bowker had the misfortune to lose a nice cow last Saturday night. The cow's leg was caught between two trees. When they got it released they found she had broken her hip and had to be killed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Billings are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a daughter, Beverly, born August 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Billings are also receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a son, Harvey Howard, August 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bean were Sunday callers at Mrs. Addie Lapham's.

The heavy shower and wind one night last week uprooted two large trees near the house on the Clinton Buck farm and one of them fell on the roof of the oil doing quite a lot of damage.

The Soap Club met with Mrs. J. H. Ackley, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jackson of Auburn have been visiting his brother, Clarence Jackson.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court at Rumford, in vacation, in and for the County of Oxford, on the 31st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five, from day to day from the 31st day of said July. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested; by causing a copy of this order to be published in a newspaper published in Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Rumford, on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1935, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Eva I. Hastings, late of Bethel, deceased; Will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Margaret R. Goddard as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said Will, presented by Margaret R. Goddard, the executrix therein named.

William S. Frost, late of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, deceased; First and final account presented for allowance by Herbert L. Frost, administrator.

Witness, Peter M. MacDonald, Judge of said Court at Rumford, our Lord and thousand nine hundred and thirty-five.

FRID W. ROWELL, Register.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. William Wagner and friends of Vermont were at Camp Wagner over the week end.

LeRoy L. Martin, Jr., has returned home after visiting his mother, Mrs. Lawrence Towle at Auburn for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Martin, Vera Dunham, Mary Martin, Toivo Lehto, Linwood Emmons and Everett Cross visited with friends at Gorham over the week end and climbed Mt. Washington.

Mrs. Beryl Martin and son, Roland visited Miss Winifred Bryant at Rowe Hill over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Ray and daughter Ruth and friends of Massachusetts called on friends in the place, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Farr and family of West Poland and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse of West Paris were at Ross Martin's Sunday. Martin Farr remained for a week.

Miss Hazel Hanscom of North Newry was a recent visitor of Mrs. Beryl Martin.

BUSINESS CARDS

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E. L. GREENLEAF

OPTOMETRIST

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SEPTEMBER 7

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FOR SALE—New Potatoes, Fitted Wood. ROY BLAKE, Tel. 21-34, Bethel.

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned under cover. Four foot, 16 inch or 12 inch lengths. FRED I. CLARK, Bethel.

FOR SALE by W. J. Vail & Son, P. O. Box 139, Bethel, all kinds of wood, fitted and four foot. Also local and long distance moving. 20p

FOR SALE—I. H. Wight property at 61 Main Street, Bethel, Maine. Inquire for further details by writing Mrs. E. A. Martinson, 38 Hubbard St., Concord, Mass.

FOR SALE—1925 BUICK four-passenger Coupe. \$30. GORDON E. LATHROP, Bethel.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Work of any kind, and children to care for. Orders taken for men's and children's home knit socks, mittens, etc. MABEL BLAKE, Tel. 33-3.

STRAY CATTLE at North West Bethel. Will the owner get them at once before they do serious damage. IRVING H. WILSON.

Firearms, Ammunition, and Trappers' Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts.

Always a Son

In China a son never ceases to be a son and a child as long as he lives, for while his parents live he obeys them and when they die, if he is a respectable person, he follows their teachings. The same is true of a daughter, only in her case she follows her husband's family. Every one is married and therefore fits automatically somewhere into the pattern.—Pearl Buck in Cosmopolitan.

Opportunities

In important affairs we ought not so much to apply ourselves to create opportunities as to make use of those which present themselves. (Bacon, on the contrary, said this, "A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." Perhaps he meant that a wise man cannot only find innumerable opportunities, but also make them.)

Pillory Abolished in 1816

Pillory as a form of punishment in England was abolished in 1816 except for perjury and subordination, and the perjurer, Peter James Bony, was the last to stand in the pillory at the Old Bailey for one hour on June 22, 1830. It was finally abolished in 1837 at the end of William IV's reign.

Peculiarities of St. Lawrence River

In several ways the St. Lawrence is unique among the large rivers of the world. Easy going. It does not dig up much silt and therefore has no alluvial delta at its mouth. Its banks are steep to the ocean's rim and the channel at its mouth is deep enough to clear the largest ships afloat.

SUMMER SALE SEPT. 5

The annual summer sale of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church, postponed from July, is scheduled for Thursday afternoon, Sept. 5, and the following committees to make arrangements for the sale have been chosen as follows:

Apron table—Constance Wheeler, Fannie B. Lovejoy, Ada Tyler
Tea table—Mrs. P. J. Clifford, Mrs. Stanley Wentzel, Mrs. Linton Partridge

Food table—Mrs. Mabel Greenleaf, Mrs. Annie Craig, Mrs. Fannie Carter
Ice cream table—Mary Lapham, Florence Hamlin, Elsie Davis

Fish pond—Celia Gorman, Myrtle Lapham
Candy table—Minnie Capen, Lettie Hall

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED

Donald Lord, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Lord, observed his fourth birthday by entertaining a group of young friends at a swimming party at Songo Pond Tuesday afternoon. Following the water sports ice cream, cookies and cake were served.

The guests were Marlene Anderson, Jerry Davis, Lee Carver, Betty and Carolyn Perkins, Quentin Hall, Eleanor Gurney, Laurice Lord, Lois Ann Van, John and Elden Greenleaf, Lorraine Swan, Richard Delagi, and John Cutler. John Fortier was invited but could not attend.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

The old water tub at the foot of the Common has been removed, and the tub at the foot of Main Street is being repaired.

Mrs. James McPhee of Hyde Park, Mass., Mrs. Herbert Schnare and two children and Mrs. Abbie Stewart of Berlin visited their sister, Mrs. John Fuller, Tuesday, on route to Ocean Park.

Miss Mary Thurston of Boston and friend Miss Joan Sweeney of Providence, R. I., are spending a few days with Miss Thurston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thurston, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brown and son Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Lord and son Donald, and John Twaddle were among those who attended the Water Carnival at Rangeley Sunday.

Deepest Hole for Waterflow

The deepest hole in the ground from which water is known to have flowed under its own pressure was that drilled for an oil well of the Gulf Production company, located in section 107, block E, Upton county, Texas. Water flowed freely at 10,500 feet and also at 11,500 feet. The total depth of this well is 12,780 feet. At this depth oil only is flowing. The deepest artesian well regularly used for a water supply is 3,300 feet deep, and is located at Taylor, Texas. The water is sufficiently pure to be used without any treatment and flows in sufficient amount to supply 7,403 people.

The Mazzei Letter

The Mazzei letter was a private letter written by Thomas Jefferson to an Italian named Mazzei in 1796. A paragraph to the effect that "an American monarchist aristocratic party" had sprung up in America whose avowed object was to "draw over us the substance, as they had already done the forms, of the British government," did much toward arousing animosity against Jefferson.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister
Sunday, August 25th
11.00 a. m. Morning Worship.
Sermon subject, "A Propos of Method."

We extend a cordial welcome to our summer friends and guests.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Services Sunday morning at 10.45.

"Mind" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon which will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Aug. 25.

The Golden Text is: "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ" (1 Corinthians 2:16).

Among the citations from the Bible is the following: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him" (James 1:5).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "Immortal ideas, pure, perfect, and enduring, are transmitted by the divine Mind through divine Science, which corrects error with truth and demands spiritual thoughts, divine concepts, to the end that they may produce harmonious results" (Page 259: 26-31).

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. P. J. Clifford, Pastor
9.45. Church School, Myrtle Lapham, Superintendent.
11.00 Morning Worship. Herbert R. Bean, speaker.

Born

In Milton, Aug. 14, to the wife of Harry Billings, a daughter, Beverly.

In Milton, Aug. 16, to the wife of Ernest Billings, a daughter.

In West Bethel, Aug. 20, to the wife of Clarence Bennett, a daughter, Arline.

Married

In Bethel, Aug. 17, by Rev. H. T. Wallace, Atwood B. Radcliffe of West Paris and Miss Irene Cox of Lowell, Mass.

Died

In Gilead, Aug. 19, Nathaniel B. Bean, aged 76 years.

Curious Blend in Gaels

The Gaels of Scotland are a curious blend of blitheness and melancholy. Their songs are usually sad; their dances unadmirably lively.

Vellum From Skin of Calf

Vellum is a high grade of parchment, from the skin of a very young calf.

The Portuguese Empire

The Portuguese empire once stretched far around the world.

Hatchet Brand Coffee, 30c
Beechnut Brand Coffee, 35c
Cinnamon Buns, pkg. 10c
Toussaint's Doughnuts, pkg. 12c
Royal Lily All Around Flour

Lucky Bread Flour

Lettuce Celery

Button Onions

Peppers Spices

L.W. Ramsell Co.

BETHEL, MAINE

WOMEN ATTEND TRAINING CLASSES

Training Classes Serving Tomatoes Many Ways have been held during the past week in three districts throughout the county. Those attending the training class at South Paris are as follows:

Ruth Stearns, Mrs. Mary Ladd, Bethel; Miss Mabel Abbott, Middle Intervale; Mrs. Doris Kimball, Mrs. Florence Hastings, East Bethel; Miss Shirley Hall, Mrs. Catherine Chase, Mrs. Etta Mitchell, Buckfield; Mrs. Lella Bennett, South Paris; Mrs. Thelma Brett, Mrs. Beulah Bennett, Welchville; Mrs. Fannie Haines, West Paris; Mrs. Myrtle Hayes, Mrs. Annie Crockett, Woodstock.

SONGO POND

Abner Kimball and crew have finished haying on the Wallace Cummings farm at Hunt's Corner and will now cut and thresh the oats on his home place.

The school opened here Monday with Miss Isabel Scott of Portland as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Tennis Leblance are back at their camp on Songo Pond.

Mrs. Leslie Kimball, who has been suffering from a bad fall, is gaining slowly. Her daughter, Mrs. Merlie Stone of Lovell, has been with her a week.

Mrs. Ella Skeel, who has been visiting Mrs. Daisy Kimball for some time, has returned to her home in Auburn.

Abner Kimball has lost a number of fine sheep from his pasture at Pine Hill, Albany.

Sunday callers at Leonard Kimball's were Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kimball and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kimball of West Bethel, also Mr. and Mrs. George Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Gorman of Bethel and Mrs. Ann Johnson of New York.

The tarvia crew are here this week, tarring the road from Albany Town House up to the Bethel town line.

Sunday callers at Hollis Grindle's were Philip Parker of South Windham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Crockett of Locke Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Brown of Mechanic Falls.

Mrs. Lena Kimball and Mrs. Ann Johnson visited with Mrs. Mae Cash Saturday afternoon.

Charlie Kimball and crew have finished haying on the Ed Good place and the Bryce Kimball farm.

Thomas Abbott of North Berwick is visiting Homer Hamlin, who is occupying the Kimball cottage at Songo Pond.

Miss Lillian Grindle has accepted a position in South Windham. She has been staying with her brother, Hollis Grindle, the last few weeks.

Rev. P. J. Clifford was in honor at a dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Spearin day. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Spearin and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Poore and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Day.

A surprise party was given Tuesday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Jodrey at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Day. Useful gifts were received, pleasant evening was enjoyed by everyone, after which refreshments were served.

ODEON HALL, BETHEL
Adults, 35c Children, 25c
Show Starts at 8:20

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BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
Magazine Section
THE BETHEL NEWS, 1906
THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

June XLI Number 20 BETHEL, ME., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1935 4c a Copy—\$2.00 a Year

GREEKS MAY VOTE TO HAVE KING AGAIN

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

TO BE or not to be a monarchy—that is the question which, unless some alteration arises in present plans, will be put to a vote of the people of Greece during the last days of this coming September. From the indications of recent political activity under the shadow of the Acropolis, it seems not at all impossible that the nation whose tongue gave us the very word "democracy" will renege its young Danish king, now exposed these twelve years, to his additionally shaky throne.

Premier Panayotis Tsaldaris, the royalist head of Greece's republican government, may effect a postponement of the plebiscite if he thinks that the sedative of time has not had sufficient effect upon the rest of the people following the disturbances of recent months. While the rebels who kicked up such a fuss in the eleven days' civil war this spring have been retrained from actually taking up arms for a while, their numbers make up a large minority bloc, and the antagonism of defeat still boiling in their breasts, they might be expected to approach the king with open and unbiased mind. However, a postponement of the vote, which was provided for by law passed by the Greek assembly in July, if it should occur, would be only a short one.

A drastic change in the government as a replacement of the king should not be decided by a majority vote, even the royalists agree. Unless political conditions improve within the next few years, an overwhelming majority in favor of the monarchy seems hardly probable. Even King George II, with his good looks and sportsmanlike ways, has earned the nickname "Gorgeous Georgios," has been noted as saying that he does not wish to resume his throne as a part of any trick move on the part of the royalist faction.

"Gorgeous Georgios" may be preening a little, even at that, for he is not uncommonly popular in Greece once more welcomed. It will not be he, but King George V of England's youngest son, the duke of Kent, who married "Gorgeous Georgios' cousin Marina. Scandalous the reason. Georgios' wife, the queen Elizabeth, in early July granted a divorce by the Ruman Appeals court at Bucharest. Charged the king with being unfaithful. Greeks want a king who is kind and loving wife, such as Marina. Marina is the most popular at home of all the members of the Greek royal family.

Greece Gains Freedom.

Following over the republic in favor of a monarchy would be a move solely in the course of the king's events, but one consistent with the turbulent trend of modern Greek history. One of its outstanding characteristics is that it will be effected without the dynasty of one Eleutherios Venizelos storming about on one side or the other.

Twentieth century Greek history is largely the personal history of Venizelos, the "father of the republic." Glimpsed in his exile in Paris, the seventy-year-old ex-premier might well be mistaken for George Bernard Shaw. He has the same bald head,



Government troops assemble for action before ruins of Temple of Zeus in Athens. Inset, left: King George II. Inset, right: Ex-Premier Venizelos.

the same pointed white beard and the same twinkle in his eye.

Until 1821 Greece was a province in the Ottoman empire. In that year there was a revolt which even the Terrible Turks failed to crush, and in the following year a Greek national assembly was formed and a Constitution drafted. In 1825 the Turks massacred enough Greeks to bring doom to the new republic and would have quashed it. However, mightier than the Turkish sword was the pen of Lord Byron, and as a result the sympathy of other European powers was aroused in favor of the trampled Greeks. With the aid of England, France and Russia, the Turks were driven out and Greece was declared an independent kingdom, with Otho of Bavaria as its monarch.

Otho was not very sympathetic with his Greek subjects and the Greeks didn't care a lot about Otho, so in 1832 they revolted and deposed him. As his successor they named the second son of the king of Denmark, who became George I of Greece.

Boundary settlements had left the island of Crete a part of the Turkish empire, and in 1897 the Greeks opened warfare with their former rulers across the Aegean sea and tried to get Crete back. They were unsuccessful. In 1908 Cretans themselves revolted and declared themselves a part of the Greek kingdom. They were led by Venizelos, who by that time had become the island's political boss and a real force in Greece.

Cretan Springs Coup.

When Crete declared its union with Greece, Athens sent an incompetent prince as minister to the island. Venizelos sent him scurrying back home. Venizelos would have no prince who regarded Cret-

ans as his subjects. Venizelos was a republican.

He decided that all Greece should be a republic, went to Athens and gained control of the government. He created a national assembly which revised the constitution and named him premier. In the first Balkan war with Turkey Venizelos took what is now some of the most productive and valuable territory in all Greece—Macedonia and the Aegean islands. He also doubled the Greek population.

When the World war came on, the king, Constantine I, who was a Dane, naturally was in sympathy with the Germans. Venizelos wanted to maintain a neutrality favorable to the allies.

Despite being held up as a traitor by the Greek church, which invoked all manner of curses upon him, the Cretan and his followers seceded from the kingdom and caused the abdication of the king.

Meanwhile the Turks had become annoying again and Venizelos was forced to leave Athens to straighten out that little matter. Upon his return to Greece the people repudiated him and returned Constantine to the throne. The latter's son, George II, followed him. Another revolution and the Venizelists knocked "Gorgeous Georgios" out from under his crown. Venizelos was premier again.

Rebels Steal Navy.

Despite the gaining strength of the royalists, Venizelos was elected premier for another term in 1928. It was the eighth term.

His successor was the incumbent Tsaldaris, royalist and bitter Venizelian political enemy. The stormy genius of Crete decided last March that Tsaldaris, who was believed to have tried to restore the king in 1933, was getting ready for another monarchist attempt. It was the signal for another revolution. Venizelos almost got away with

it again. A handful of rebels seized the two most important and potent warships in the Greek navy, loaded them with ammunition, and set out to bombard royalism from the sea.

At the same time another force of Venizelian converts in Macedonia and Thrace, from which come the crack Greek troops, the kilted Evzones, began to march upon Athens from the north. They were met by government soldiers under the command of Gen. George Kondyllis, minister of war, who had had himself appointed field marshal.

Short of ammunition and not sufficiently protected against the cold weather, the Macedonians and Thracians were stopped by the heavy artillery and machine guns of General Kondyllis along the banks of the Struma river. When the revolution was only eleven days old they were completely routed and their officers left in flight, for the larger part on foot, across the border to Bulgaria.

"Curtain" for Venizelos.

At sea, the Venizelists lost because the government had airplanes and they had none. Bombs brought about the surrender of the Averoff and Helle, the two warships which the revolutionists had confiscated.

Venizelos himself had planned the revolution as a bloodless one, hoping to take the government by bluff, surprise and confusing speed of action. He did not want civil war. With all of the shells that were fired and the bombs dropped, only 100 lives were lost. In fatalities it was just another banana war.

In Greek political history it was highly important. It marked the end of Venizelos' real power. He has had to flee from his country, where a reward of \$9,500 awaits any man who will assassinate him. He went first to Kosos, then to Rhodes, later on to Paris. Most of Venizelos' financial aid

came from the \$15,000,000 fortune of his second wife. Now the Greek government has sealed seven of their houses, one of which is in Athens and is reported to have a library worth \$5,000,000, preparatory to confiscation.

Political factions in Greece are at present trying to estimate the comparative strengths of the republicans and monarchists at the polls. In an election last June, Tsaldaris retained his office and his ticket won 287 out of a possible 300 seats in the chamber of deputies, which is the only legislative body in Greece now, the senate created by Venizelos having been abolished some time ago.

Royalist Strength Hidden.

While the Tsaldaris ticket is claimed to be neutral it is known that the premier is a mild royalist, and the contention is that the 685,073 votes which it pulled from the 1,074,422 cast in June were in large part those of royalists who were banking upon the government's promise to conduct the plebiscite in a fair and orderly fashion in September.

A rather liberal estimate claims that 170,000 Greeks, mostly Venizelist supporters, stayed away from the polls and that this bloc will be enough to beat the monarchy. An interesting sidelight on the election was the fact that there were 94,140 votes cast for the Communist party, more than ever before.

So strong at least is the republican faction that if a king returns to the Grecian throne he is not likely to be much more secure than he was twelve years ago. Alexander Papanastassiou, republican leader, has declared that if the king is returned the republicans will elect him the moment they regain power in the government. A quick review of modern Greek history is all that is necessary to reveal that anything might happen in that politically erratic nation.

Premier Tsaldaris has been reported to be backing a new Greek constitution, patterned after the Weimar constitution rejected by Germany. If adopted, this will be the fifth Greek constitution in less than a century. Not counting a temporary constitution which was in effect during the War of Independence, the other four were adopted in 1844, 1864, 1911 and 1927, respectively.

Tsaldaris recommends the drafting of a new document that will not be so uncompromising that it has to be thrown aside by revolutionary methods every few years. It seeks a better balance between legislative and executive power. None of the commission for revision favors an absolute dictatorship as a method of relieving the chief executive from the hamstringing of the chamber of deputies, but all of them believe he should be given stronger veto power and the power to set aside certain provisions of the constitution during times of extreme emergency.

The United States has what is generally called a "presidential republic." France has a "parliamentary republic." What Greece wants is a sort of happy medium between the two.

Greek presidents today have virtually no power at all. The present one's name is Alexander Zaimis. You've probably never heard of him.

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Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE
© Bell syndicate
WNU Service.

Guessing is so general among human beings that the meaning of the word has been changed.

Don't Guess When a man says today: "I guess," he means, "I think, or I believe."

Sometimes, if he comes from the West or the South he says "I reckon," but that form is not used much north and east of the Mississippi river.

I shall now turn to the word as a bad habit.

For guessing is a bad habit. It means half baked information, a lazy mind.

If you don't know, don't guess. Frankly admit that you don't know, and let it go at that.

Pretending that you know something that you don't know is proof of an idle mind.

I do not admit that one guess is as good as another.

No guess is as good.

If you haven't got the information you want, hunt for it.

Don't be content with guess work. Supposing the captain of a transatlantic liner, being too lazy to use his navigating instruments, guessed in which direction to steer his ship. The passengers would be in for a disagreeable surprise before very long.

It is so easy to guess, and so difficult to know that people acquire very foolish notions about matters on which they should be well informed.

A guess is a leap in the dark. It is a venture. And people who do things on ventures are not to be trusted.

If you are embarking on any enterprise, large or small, be sure where you are going, how long it will take you to get there, and what the difficulties in the way may be.

When you guess, you are morose mentally groping.

Begin early to get exact information. To know that you know. Don't shoot an arrow in the air to fall to earth you know not where.

Put your mind on where you are going, and stick to the direction in which you started.

Perhaps no information one can acquire can be absolutely exact.

But if you eliminate the element of guesswork you will be far more likely to succeed in any undertaking on which you may embark than you would otherwise.

If guessing were absolutely impossible it would be better for all of us.

The title of this article is, I know, current slang.

Be Yourself It is used by young women to their too affectionate swains as a remonstrance.

But before it sank to this level it was a pretty fair watch-word.

For so many people are rarely



"If the boy friends were just half as light of foot as they are of the head," says stepping Sue, "what wonderful dancers they would be." WNU Service.

themselves, but are always trying to act like others that presently they become practically nobody at all.

You are you. You can improve yourself, but will still have your own personality.

Stand by that. Don't be always aping other people. Make up your mind that you have a personality, which you can improve but cannot alter very much.

You may sometimes so greatly admire some other person that you fall into the habit of aping his clothes and his traits and even his speech.

But don't do it. You must stand or fall by what you are, not by what somebody you admire may be.

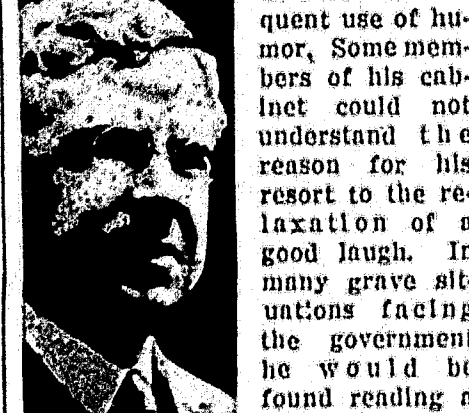
I know a young man from the western part of the country who when he came to New York was so eager to appear cosmopolitan that he tried to get rid of his burring "r" and other tricks of speech which may have made his newly acquired eastern friends smile.

HUMOR

By

LEONARD A. BARRETT

"Humor is the clear blue sky of the soul." The biographers of Abraham Lincoln tell us about his frequent use of humor. Some members of his cabinet could not understand the reason for his resort to the relaxation of a good laugh. In many grave situations facing the government he would be found reading a funny story or telling a joke. It was Lincoln's saying grace. It is doubtful if he could have lived through some of those trying times had he not been able to see the humorous side of things.



As every cloud has a silver lining, so many a vexing problem has its funny side, if we can only see it. Perhaps this explains why some persons are able to endure great hardships with a sort of indifferent attitude and frequently with a smile. "Foot's luck," some call it—not so, for humor dispels the mists and enables us to see our problems in a clearer light. The person who is too seriously minded many times studies a problem from a one-sided point of view and his judgment becomes distorted.

Have you ever noticed the effect of humor at a lecture? The audience has been held at a tension for some time, a joke is related, and audience relaxes and is now ready for another argument. That audience is not unlike our daily experiences. We are keyed up to a high tension, nerves are taut and our thinking likely to be clouded. The grace of humor breaks the tension, we relax and with renewed vitality are ready to begin again.

Some persons say that humor cannot be cultivated. That is not true. A person can develop the sense of humor just like any other mental attitude, some with more success than others, but all with some degree of progress.

Study persons until you discover the humorous eccentricities of their natures.

Try to see a situation from the viewpoint of the "other fellow" and the funny side may be more easily discovered.

Our troubles never seem so serious to others as they do to ourselves. Read books which portray humor. Nothing is more contagious than a good laugh. When an au-

But he never persuaded any of them that he came from the Atlantic seaboard, and they smiled at him behind his back.

If he had just been himself and not attempted to be otherwise he would have made more friends and made them more rapidly.

We can't get rid of our own personalities. They go along with us where we go. They may be smothered for a while, but in times of stress they will come out and reveal themselves.

Be frank and open and unaffected. Look the people you meet in the eye.

Speak the same tongue you were taught to speak in your youth. Nobody that is worth while will look down on you for doing that.

In dealing with people of other nations, you will find them more considerate than most Americans.

And if you are open and frank and unashamed, you will have no trouble in getting along with them.

So, as I said in the beginning, don't try to be who you are not, or what you are not.

Be just yourself, and if it is the right kind of a self you will be well received and respected.

dience begins to laugh, though you may not know the reason, instinctively you smile and may even join the crowd. Humor is many times more convincing than argument. Presentation of the ludicrous side of a situation has won many a debate. Wit demands imagination; but humor, the opposite of pathos, demands reason and reality. A sense of humor may help you to win your battle and solve your problem; for:

"Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul."

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No Evidence That Ships Founder in Sargasso Sea

Sargasso sea is the name given to a region between the Azores and West Indies where seaweed is kept in a slow swirl by the action of the Gulf stream and the equatorial current. The weed collects much in the same way that floating debris collects on the surface of a river back eddy or wash. On his first voyage, notes a writer in the Indianapolis News, Columbus noted this sea. The name comes from the Spanish word sargazo, meaning seaweed.

In the days of small sailing craft, navigation was hindered by the seaweed, and mariners sought to avoid the region. In this way was encouraged the legend that the sea is a graveyard of ships.

A scientific survey of the region was made in 1925 by William Beebe, who headed an expedition sent out by the New York Zoological society. He reported that only at certain seasons do the weeds collect in the "floating meadows" referred to by some observers, and that these surface mats of seaweed are soon scattered by the wind. Beebe cruised for a month in the Sargasso sea and found no rafts of seaweed sufficiently heavy to impede his progress, or even to excite attention. There is no evidence that the storybook references to lost ships floating about in the sea are based on fact.

More Leaves, More Fruit

The more leaves on fruit trees, the better. It takes at least 20 good leaves to produce a good apple.

POTPOURRI

Adam's Apple

Ancients believed that a piece of the apple given to Adam by Eve became stuck in his throat and that this "peculiarity" was passed on from generation to generation. Although everybody has an Adam's apple, it appears much more prominently in some people than in others. It is the projecting cartilage of the larynx.

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My Neighbor Says:

Use the flat nozzle of the vacuum cleaner to rid the rooms of the little house spiders which so many people have trouble with.

Early blooming perennials such as peonies, bleeding heart, iris, columbine, etc., need a good application of fertilizer in September, for they are forming next season's buds then.

Do not beat the egg whites too much for angel cake or it will be too dry. They should be beaten until they form a point when egg beater is removed.

Fish and sausages should always be rolled in flour before frying. It improves the flavor and prevents sausages bursting open.

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WNU Service.

First Commercial Courses
The first commercial courses offered in the United States early in the Nineteenth century were for the purpose of training bookkeepers. Since 1894 commercial courses have included, besides bookkeeping, the subjects of typewriting and shorthand. Retail selling was added about ten years later.

Early Ore Smelters
It is thought possible that African natives were first to find the secret of smelting ore.

PRETTY SWIM STAR



Pretty Katherine Rawls of Miami, Fla., shown at the National Women's A. A. U. swimming and diving meet at Manhattan Beach, L. I. She scored a popular victory in winning the 220-yard breast stroke championship.

Best Moose Caller



Ross McKinney, winner of a moose calling contest at Lake Umbagog, Maine, demonstrates his ability for the cameraman.

Poison Tree Saves Lives

In Hawaii the ornamental poisonous "be-still" tree promises to supply valuable supplies of the powerful drug for heart illness which digitalis has failed to give relief according to island experiments in pharmacological research. Named the "be-still" tree because the birds before these islands were a part of the United States, a native que heard lovers beneath it while "be still" as she passed close by. Is known to science as "there nerefolia." Not indigenous to Hawaii, it was imported there years ago as an ornamental shrub. The nut is reputedly poisonous. The stimulant thevenin is extracted from this nut.

The "Aristocrat of Fruits"

The "aristocrat of fruits," the avocado called "cainvo," is grown in California, Florida and Texas and is considered a "native" fruit in those sections. For generations West Indians regarded the avocado as a staple food, using its pulp bread like butter.

TOPNOTCHERS by KET

OVER the TOP for a WORLD'S RECORD

Keith Brown of Yale

BROWN POLE-VAULTED 14 FEET 5 1/2 INCHES in a meet recently held at Cambridge

Keith Brown's home is in Wheaton, Illinois

HOSTILE VALLEY

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Jim Saladine listens to the history of neighboring Hostile Valley, with gossip of the mysterious, enticing "Huldy," wife of Will Ferrin. Interested, he drives to the Valley for a day's fishing, though admitting to himself his chief desire is to see the reputedly glamorous Huldy. "Old Marm" Pierce and her nineteen-year-old granddaughter Jenny live in the Valley. Since little more than a child Jenny has at first admired and then deeply loved young Will Ferrin, neighboring farmer, older than she, and who regards her still as merely a child. Will takes employment in nearby Augusta. Jenny is disconsolate. Bart Carey, something of a ne'er-do-well, is attracted by Jenny, but the girl repulses him. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, exulting, sets his long-empty house "to rights," and has dinner ready for him. He comes, bringing his wife, Huldy. The girl's world collapses. Huldy becomes the subject of unfavorable gossip in the Valley. Entering his home, unlooked for, Will finds seemingly damning evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness, as a man who he knows is Seth Humphreys breaks from the house. Will overtakes him, and chokes him to death, though Humphreys shatters his leg, with a bullet. At Marm Pierce's house the leg is amputated. Jenny goes to break the news to Huldy. She finds Bart Carey with the woman. When he leaves Huldy makes a mock of Jenny's sympathy, declaring she has no use for "half a man," and is leaving at once. Will is legally exonerated, and with a home-made artificial leg "carries on," hiring a helper, Zeke Dace. Months later, Huldy comes back. Will, only warning her she must "mend her ways," accepts her presence as her right. Two years go by. Zeke and Bart Carey engage in a fight, the trouble arising over Huldy. Amy Carey commits suicide. Before Huldy's return Zeke Dace had been showing her attention, but Zeke had succumbed completely to Huldy's wiles.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

—10—

"Child, there's things the less said about them the better; but I can feel it in my bones, something's going to happen around here. I dunno what it'll be; but I don't want you mixed up in it."

Jenny looked at her gravely. "What can happen, Granny?"

The old woman hesitated. "I dunno as I know," she confessed.

"But Jenny, don't you let what hurts other folks hurt you." She added vigorously. "And don't let other folks hurt you, Jenny. There's apt as not to be trouble. Don't get in the way of it. One of these days, somebody, some man's going to . . ." She shook her head.

"Child," she said, "I don't know what I'm scared of, but I'm scared."

"Of what?" Jenny protested reassuringly.

"If I knew that, I'd know what to do," the old woman retorted; yet she said slowly: "Amy died of it, Jenny. I don't want a thing to happen to you."

Jenny could not understand; yet she could share her grandmother's doubts and fears. This season from late February till the flood tide of summer must always be a weary one, when nerves are ragged and frayed; and especially in this northern land where the inhospitable earth is still unwilling to receive the stroke of plow, so that man can only wait, his energies restrained and fuming for an outlet, till the time for action comes.

This year, the season of waiting was a long one; the frost was deep, the spring was slow. Bart stopped at the house one morning, the wheels of his buggy mud-clogged to the hubs; to take commissions for shopping at the village; and after he was gone, it rained, so that they were kept all day indoors. Dusk came early, till the lamps in the kitchen and dining room made all snug and warm. Marm Pierce and

Jenny began to prepare supper; and the old woman went out to survey the weather signs.

"It might lift tomorrow," she said. "The wind's this way, that way, now; but if it shifts, we'll get a change. It'll be a late spring, and sudden. First touch of sun, and everything will grow a week in a day. A spring like this, I can't get my simples when they're right."

"I'll go tomorrow and see what I can find," Jenny offered.

"You can get me a water lily root, anyway," Marm Pierce reflected. "If the water ain't too deep."

The girl said: "There's a pool down toward the bog with an old log in it, and lilies grow in back of the log. It's not deep there. I can reach down."

Marm Pierce opened the oven to see if the biscuits were done, and a blast of hot air struck her in the face. "Whew!" she exclaimed, and closed the oven. "I'm bound to air out of sulfate," she said, and opened the kitchen door.

Then she ejaculated: "Bart! I never heard you come up on the porch. Where's your team?"

Jenny turned and saw Bart there on the porch, just outside the door. "Mud's too deep to git in here and not founder," he explained. "I walked over from my house. Here's yore things!"

Marm Pierce spoke sharply. "Well, don't come tracking into my kitchen," she said, and took his burdens from him. "Much obliged. Good night to you."

And she pushed the door shut with her knees.

"I'd a notion he'd b'en standing there listening," the old woman declared. "Be just like him to! If I'd knowed he was there, I'd have said something he wouldn't like to hear!"

Jenny smiled at the old woman's asperity. "You don't like Bart, do you?"

And Marm Pierce said flatly: "No. I hate a man that's always doing me favors." She smiled grimly at her own words. "Foolish of me, like as not; but that's the way I be."

Later the rain began again; but they were here secure. Rain was dancing on the roof and slatting against the weatherboards when Jenny went to bed; but she slept quickly, deeply, till the belated gray of a moist and sodden dawn.

And woke and rose without misgiving. There were in her no premonitions. Yet this was the day when death and Saladine came to Hostile Valley, and the face of Jenny's world forever changed.

Saladine, at the entrance of this hidden Valley about which so many dark tales clustered, checked his car on the ledge above Will Ferrin's farm for long enough to survey the scene, shrouded in a mist-like rain; but at last he loosed his brakes and began the steep descent.

The road plunged downward, then relaxed to a more gradual pitch; and he saw presently a meadow on one hand, and a rocky pasture where were cows, and the well-kept buildings of a farm. The buildings were set back a little from the road, upon a knoll that was like a buttress of the ridge.

There was nothing extraordinary in the outward aspect of the place. It was like countless others hereabouts, except that perhaps the buildings were a little larger. There was rather something reassuring in the very fact that it was an ordinary, thrifty farm; yet Saladine knew it must be Will Ferrin's, and he remembered Huldy Ferrin's dark

repute, and wished curiously that he might encounter her. Yet he had no excuse for stopping. The brook was in the Valley below, so he passed by, and crossed another ledge and the road dipped downward more steeply still.

But a hundred yards below the farmhouse, he jammed on brakes and skidded to a stop. Here the road was precipitous, and the rain the night before had done damaging things to it. Water racing down the margins to such effect that there was not room for a car to pass. On one side or the other, the wheels must drop off into the ditch; and the ditch itself was so deep that if a car did suffer this mischance, its wheels would be left spinning, with no footing under them.

Saladine checked his car with not ten feet to spare, and then began to back up this steep road, and he was faintly pleased. Ferrin's farm would serve as a place to leave the car. He might see Huldy there.

He backed past the drive that led into the farmyard, and swung in; and he passed the front of the house—blank, with shades drawn down and the door uncompromisingly closed—and came into the barnyard.

And then he saw through the open door of the shed a man. This man had been sitting stove wood; he came to the shed door, with an ax still in his hand, to look at Saladine. A tall, tank man; a young man, an ill man. These were Jim's first impressions, in their order. But also, this man wore, absurdly, one of those high-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hats which are reputed to be large enough to hold ten gallons of any liquid you chose to pour into them. Such a hat, designed to shed weather, designed to protect the head and face of a man on horseback from the stroke and slash of scrub brush through which he must ride, has no proper function on a farm in Maine; and Jim switched off his engine and slid to the ground and approached this man, of half a mind to ask him the questions which his hat provoked.

But instead he only said: "Morning!" And he only asked: "You Will Ferrin?"

"Will's in the house," the man answered, grudgingly, in a voice curiously shaken and hollow. Saladine had again that strong impression that the other was ill, that he was a husk, drained and emptied of all strength and vehemence. He added now, unnecessarily: "I'm Zeke Dace." His tone was somber, and there was reasonless suspicion in his eyes.

"I come to fish the brook down below," Saladine explained, as though some explanation were by the other's glance required of him. "The road's washed out, 'tween here and Carey's; so I thought to leave my car here and walk down."

Zeke did not speak; but his eye, when Jim spoke the name of Carey, held a spark strange to see. Then his glance turned to one side, at something beyond Saladine's line of vision, there within the shed. Saladine was a bold man, but he felt a prickling at the back of his neck, and instinctively recoiled a little from the door, wary, watchful for whatever should appear.

But it was only a woman who appeared in the doorway, and at first Saladine was relieved at sight of her. Then he was astonished at her beauty, and remembering this woman's repute, he stood on guard.

From the tales he had heard of Huldy Ferrin he had thought to see in her a vicious slattern, the marks of her depravity plain to any eye; but this woman did not fit the picture he had formed. She came slowly into sight, and leaned her shoulder against the side of the door and looked at Saladine; she looked at him in a calm, complete appraisal from head to toe, with smoldering faintly sparkling eyes, in which even while Saladine

watched her a warm light began daintily to gleam.

Saladine for a moment felt his own eyes fall; yet he was an observant man, and he remarked her habit now. She wore something shapely and yet shapely too, since it fitted itself to her. The color of the heavy stuff was dull red; and there was knotted about her waist a length of light rope like clothes line, with the ends hanging down. This rope at her waist, girdling her body, had an effect not to be put in simple words. Her dress became, with this addition, not a dress but a robe; it acquired an exotic and disturbing grace. The cord at her waist seemed to mold the loose folds gracefully around her. Saladine saw inattentively that the knot in the cord was awkwardly tied. It was not a square knot, but a "granny," such as women tie.

And then he looked at her countenance again, his pulse suddenly pounding. She seemed large, yet he realized that she was in fact small, and smoothly formed. It was only that her head was perhaps somewhat larger than due proportion would have required, with that resulting emphasis upon the conformation of her lips and eyes which is so often an attribute of the great women of the stage. And her hair was black as ink, and her eyes, too; and they shone, and in them a deep flame burned. Her cheek was warm with sun, and her arms, bare to the elbow below sleeves rolled high, were likewise sunned to the very sleeve, with no thin white circle above the elbow to

rain," he evaded. The ax clopped and clopped behind her, and a chip flew spinning over her shoulder toward him. She did not turn her head.

"I expect you're Miss Ferrin," he hazarded, in the silence.

"I'm Huldy—Ferrin," she assented, and smiled, and he could find no reason for this smile. She continued to watch him calmly.

Then the kitchen door opened, and a man came out of the house upon the side porch yonder. He was a blond giant with steady eyes of a deep blue like the sky at dusk; his hair was straw yellow above his wide brow. One leg was gone below the knee; he wore a peg. And Saladine, seeing this, remembered the tale of how Seth Humphreys died. This, then, was Will Ferrin; those calm blue eyes could upon occasion blaze and burn!

The man came toward Saladine, and his glance was friendly. He looked at the woman, and she smiled; and Saladine thought uneasily that Huldy Ferrin smiled more than the occasion required.

"Morning," said this man to Saladine.

"You're Will Ferrin, I expect," Saladine returned. "How do. My name's Saladine."

Will nodded. "Fishing?" he asked.

Saladine assented. "I hear tell there are some big ones in the brook," he said.

The woman in the shed door watched them. She seemed half asleep, seemed drowsing there; yet Saladine thought warmth emanated from her as from a good stove. Behind her the ax rived wood.

"Some," said Will Ferrin. "Yes, there's a few. You go along the road to Carey's, and start there and fish down through the quick water," he suggested. "It runs a ways below here. Then there's dead water below that, through the bog. The big ones are mostly in the dead water; but times they won't take at all, and it's hard fishing, unless you know the holes."

"If it's too tough, I'll pass it up," Saladine decided.

"Guess you'll stick it, by the looks of you," Will predicted. "But it'll save you some hard walking, after you're through fishing, if you strike over to the Valley road."

And he explained in more detail: "You'll come to where there used to be a mill; an old stone dam. You leave the brook on the far side, there, and go up through the woods till you hit the road. Follow it north, and take the first right. That'll bring you back to Carey's, and back here. Be a heap easier than drilling through the woods."

Saladine thought there was something defensive in Will's garrulity, as though by speech he sought to avert that which he feared. "Much obliged," Jim told him, and slung basket on hip. "How far down to Carey's from here?"

But before Will could answer, Huldy Ferrin moved, and spoke. "You're wasting time, going by the road," she said. "I'll show you better than that." And without waiting for Jim's assent, she moved toward the barn.

Saladine looked at Will Ferrin. Will's eyes were heavy with a deep shadow. Also, the ax had stopped its clack and bite, as though Zeke in the shed were listening, too.

"Through this way," insisted Huldy Ferrin slowly, summoning Saladine.

"He'll do full as well to go the road," her husband urged; but her eyes touched him, and he was still.

She had paused and Jim felt impatience in her; and then he found himself following her through the barn, following her along a faint path beyond.

He would remember, afterward, that Zeke's ax in the shed did not resume its rhythmic sound; but now he watched her, here before him, forgetting all else. She flowed along the trail, her body moving without effort, vigorous as a cat's, easy, alive, strong.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"You Can Rest Your Car in My Yard."

suggest that where her dress covered her, her body all was white. Saladine had, disturbingly, an instant picture of this woman all in the sun's embrace, no garment to hinder the gliding brush stroke with which its rays laid their deep color on. She was one of those women who, no matter what they wear, seem to a man's eye unclothed.

She looked at him, and with quickening eyes that suddenly were veiled as though she had drawn a curtain down; and then she looked at the man in the shed. As though at command, Zeke began to split another billet of wood.

Then the woman addressed Saladine.

"Yes," he said. "You can rest your car in my yard!" Her tones were light, almost jesting, half flattery, half challenge.

"Much obliged," Saladine said. "It's only while I try the brook a spell."

"It's like to rain," she told him gently. "The fish won't take hold. You could find better ways to use your time!" There was in her a physical passivity astonishingly disturbing; she was like an animal crouched ready to spring.

He began to set up his rod. "Maybe I can get at them before the

Best Moose Caller

Poison Tree Saves Lives

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ERS by KET

the TOP

WORLD'S RECORD

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PAGE OF READING FOR THE FAMILY

A WALLED PARADISE



The Ideal Life in Halawa.

TRAVELER, novelist, naturalist, poet and philosopher have dreamed consistently of a "lost land."

They haven't wanted to find it because it would then no longer be "lost." They merely wanted proof of its existence. There would be the setting for flights of fiction and fancy. There would be the locale of romance supreme and undiluted by fact. It would be peopled by the fabled "lost tribe."

It may be the valley of Halawa, on the island of Molokai, right within the boundaries of the United States.

Few have ever seen it but it is known to be there, a walled Paradise, almost as virgin in primitive peace and plenty as if it were the Garden of Eden rediscovered.

What is known as civilization has not yet dawned there. Steps have been taken to prevent it from dawn.

Even the birds have not learned the almost universal lesson of animal life—that the struggle for existence leads to natural enmity, pitting one species and one tribe in a conflict against another.

An Isolated Eden.

The people are in the same blissful state of isolation. They want nothing from outside and no one yet has shown a desire to get what they have. Impassable walls of rock shut them out from the land. A

The hunter has not followed them into Halawa. It has been too difficult and deer have been so abundant in the open parts of Molokai that there has been no inducement.

Halawa wears the purple robes of a royal domain. Sheer walls, rich in varied tones, that extend from blue to orange, rise abruptly from the floor, festooned richly with loops of swinging vine and plumed with arboreal verdure. Over a vertical precipice at the head of the valley two streams pour their crystal waters, the treble melody of the singing birds supported by the diapason harmony of thundering falls.

Purchased for Preservation.

The few families of Polynesians dwelling here have maintained the simple customs and habits of their ancestors. They are as unconcerned with the world outside as are the birds and animals. They are practically unaware that they have been "discovered."

The pineapple and sugar planter passed them by in the general invasion of the islands. Their own little Eden supplies all their wants. All that is necessary to their happiness is that they be left alone.

Civilization, however, like nature, abhors a vacuum and even a lost land had to have protection from

being found. Some weak spot in the Halawa walls might have developed but for their recent reinforcement.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul I. Fagan, of California and Hawaii, decided that the valley of Halawa must be left, if possible, as a legacy to the future. They have purchased the 9,000 acres for the purpose of maintaining it in its primitive state without exploitation. In the tablelands above the territory has erected another barrier against invasion by creating a forest reserve of thousands of acres.

No Money Used There.

One of the remarkable customs that is being preserved by the tribe in the Halawa valley is to live without money. There was no currency among the native Hawaiians before they were discovered. The cynic if not the economist may see in this fact alone a sufficient reason for preserving even a small part of the strange domain in its original state.

Peace, plenty and contentment are the unique characteristics of Halawa, almost mythical in its contrast to even the remotest parts of the known world. There are no plebeian grounds in these Elysian fields. It is a place to be spoken of with awe and wonder, not to be visited.

The title may change hands but possession has so far remained with the little band of aborigines who still vaguely believe that the heavens and the waters and the earth were created for the sustenance of mankind, without benefit of deed or abstract of title.

Nighthawk Has Gaping Mouth.

The gaping mouth of the Nighthawk is tipped with a small, black beak. The mouth seems to "scoop" up the many insects as the bird gracefully dives and soars among the building tops. The background colors are gray-tan with a bit more reddish brown about the back of the head and on the lower throat. There are many wavy, dusky, brownish-black mottles and lines over the lighter background color. The wingtips and tail are black. The Nighthawk may be recognized in flight by the forked tail, and the white band across each wing. There is a narrow, white band near the tip of the tail, and also a white throat patch.

Italian City Designed for Aviation "Center"

Italy is building a new city—Guldona. Recently, Littoria, Sabaudia, Pontinia and Mugellina, now towns which were built as rural centers, appeared in the news headlines. Now Guldona, named in honor of Alessandro Guldona, one of Italy's most famous pilots, who was killed in an airplane disaster in 1928, basks in the spotlight of Italy's city-building program.

Guldona is only 16 miles from Rome, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. Aviation caused its construction, and according to plan, aviation will dominate its industries. It will, in fact, be a giant aviation laboratory manned by scientists and laymen whose first interest is research and experimentation in aviation.

No airplanes or airplane motors will be built there, but in its laboratories will be found the most modern equipment for making all sorts of experiments on model airplanes. One part of the "laboratory" will be devoted entirely to research on flying in the stratosphere.

When the city is completed, officials and employees will live in comfortable homes and work in a carefully planned building. There will be churches, a city hall, schools, and construction and other shops. Most interesting, perhaps, of the completed buildings are the mysterious looking towers in which

model airplanes already are being tested.

In the Radio pavilion, scientists now experiment with the use of radio in aviation. In the three-story building of the Superior Board of Studies and Experiments, intensive study is being made of air photography and of the many instruments used in airplanes. In other building tests are made on motors, and the speed of hydroplanes. The Aerodynamical galleries are equipped with ventilators worked by 450 horsepower motors that cause winds of strong velocity to test the strength of model airplanes.

Betsy Ross' Husband

John Ross, son of Rev. Anas Ross, at one time assistant rector of Christ church in Second street, Philadelphia, was the husband of Betsy Ross, the traditional maker of the first American flag. Mrs. Ross' maiden name was Elizabeth Griscom. She and John were married the latter part of November, 1773. After their marriage they took up their residence in the little house at 239 Arch street, now a national landmark, where John opened up his own business as an upholsterer. John was not living when Betsy made the flag. After the declaration of war he had been placed in charge of a munition store on one of the wharves in the southern part of the city. An explosion of gunpowder on the wharf resulted in his death on January 21, 1776.



Spearing Fish.

rift gives them an outlook upon the calm Pacific. Ships pass but do not stop. Occasionally an airplane blots the blue sky but never lands.

Buffalo and deer are the only strangers that have ever invaded this quiet valley since its known history first began. The people, so far as they can tell, came with Nuu, the Hawaiian Noah. Nuu brought very few animals except song birds. The buffalo and deer have been introduced since Captain Cook discovered the islands.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

LIGHTFOOT THE DEER BECOMES UNEASY

THE Green Forest was very beautiful. It was no longer green save where the pines and spruces and hemlocks grew. Everywhere else it was red and yellow and brown, for it was October and the leaves had turned. All day long and all night, too, for that matter, there was a gentle rustling all through the Green Forest, for the leaves were falling.

Lightfoot the Deer was becoming uneasy. It was the rustling of the falling leaves that made him uneasy. You see those falling leaves had a message for Lightfoot, a message and a warning. It was that



All Through the Long Summer Lightfoot Had Lived in Peace and Safety.

The season of terrible danger for him, the hunting season, was close at hand.

All through the long summer Lightfoot had lived in peace and safety. In the early spring his wonderful antlers, which some folks call horns, but which are not true horns, had fallen. Very helpless had Lightfoot been then, but despite his helplessness there had been no fear in his heart. You see, he knew that there was no one in all the Green Forest, save Buster Bear, of whom he need be afraid.

It was an easy matter to keep out of the way of Buster Bear. Besides, there was little cause to fear him, for Buster was finding plenty to eat and a full stomach makes for good nature in man and beast. So all the long summer Lightfoot the Deer had lived quietly and in peace while new antlers grew antlers larger and more beautiful than those he had lost. While the new antlers were growing he kept very much by himself. Now, they were fully grown and he wore them like a crown. He had polished and repolished the points of them by rubbing them against trees. To know, while they had been growing they had been covered by a sort of burry-looking skin, called velvet. They had been soft and tender. Now that they were hard there was no further use for the velvet coming, and this Lightfoot had rubbed off as he polished his antlers.

As long as the leaves had remained green everywhere through the Green Forest, Lightfoot had been happy and carefree, but now that the leaves had turned to beautiful colors and were dropping dropping day and night, he grew more and more uneasy and crept into his heart.

Lightfoot had a good memory and he had not forgotten the dreadful things which had happened at the time of falling leaves the year before. He knew that the season when hunters with terrible guns would come into the Green Forest seeking to kill him was close at hand. So his uneasiness grew and grew, and in his beautiful, soft eyes the look of fear grew stronger each day. Only night was Lightfoot free of it.

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Fish Hosts to Clams

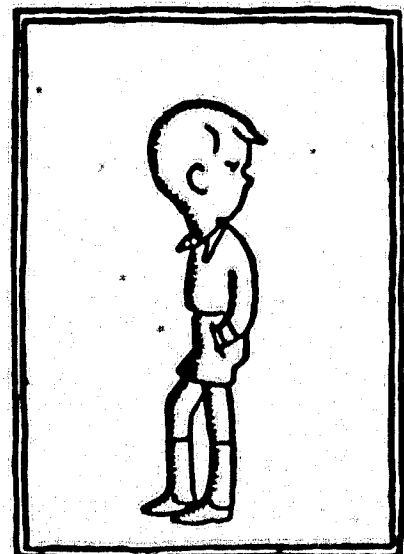
Clams and mussels begin to live on the skin, gills, or fins of fish, where they live as parasites for two months. During this time they develop a foot, and then off to begin an independent existence.

PUDDIN' an' PIE

By JIMMY GARTEWAITE

ALWAYS

88



IT'S "wash your hands and wash your face And brush your teeth and hair"! I'd like to run away some place Where people didn't care!

© by Harper & Brothers—WNU Service.

STAR DUST

MOVIE AND RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

THE air was more or less electric in New Jersey the other day when Lupe Velez, Gary Cooper and Mrs. Cooper arrived from Hollywood on the same plane.

For news photographers thought it would be a bright idea to photograph Miss Velez and

Mr. Cooper together, seeing as how they used to be sweethearts. Miss Velez was willing. But Mr. Cooper said "No" in unmistakable terms, and hastily departed with his social registerite wife and her mother, who had met them, for the sands of Southampton, that minor Newport.

As for Lupe, it didn't matter a whoop to her. She is on her way to South America, where they idolize her. And she's perfectly happy with Johnny, so why should she get excited over the ashes of an old romance?

Leo Carrillo, who made such a hit in Grace Moore's latest picture, also arrived by plane that day. A small boy asked him for an autograph, but Carrillo gave the youngster the report he was carrying instead. Worth \$150, so they say!

Do any of you old-timers remember Monroe Salisbury, once a mighty hero of the silent screen? He died recently in San Bernardino, Calif., at the age of fifty-nine, and lay for two days in the morgue before he was recognized.

When so many stars of the early days come to such ends as that, it's not to be wondered at that today's headlines try to save their money, and kick like fury against high taxes that take so much of what they earn.

Apparently Cary Grant is following in the footsteps of Gary Cooper. He's been seen around in Washington, D. C., lately, with a little daughter of the rich to whom he is most attentive. Not a few of our male movie stars have decided that marital happiness lies outside the profession, and have taken wives from the ranks of society. Elliott Dexter did it—remember that? And Tony Moreno, Richard Barthelmess picked him a society wife for his second attempt, and they're very happy. Lawrence Tibbett made his second trip to the altar with a blue-book representative.

On the other hand, the ladies of the film world don't seem to find happiness with social register husbands; they'd rather have some one who knows what they mean when they want to talk shop of an evening.

Bing Crosby is at Saratoga, N. Y., forgetting about pictures and having a lot of fun watching his race horses run. And his brother, Bob, and his—Bob's—band are playing midnight stands on the road, building up a reputation for themselves—and also having a lot of fun.

Pretty Margot Grahame, the English actress, stopped in New York on her way from Hollywood to England; she's going to take a brief vacation and then sail back to make more pictures. She's quite lovely—has pale, feathery hair and enormous blue eyes, and the prettiest feet in the world. She could have had anything she wanted in New York, but what she wanted was something that a lot of girls are—unlimited time in which to play bridge with a few old friends. She stayed up all night doing it, and was awfully happy.

Her father and mother were theatrical people, and she was about two and a half when she started traveling with them, because they wouldn't leave her at home. She went to South Africa, and grew up there; that was where she started

In the theater. Then she appeared on the stage in London, and broke into pictures in England.

"The Informer" was her first American picture, and after they saw her in that, motion picture executives fell over each other to sign her up. She chose RKO, and you'll see her next in a picture with Richard Dix.

But if you saw her in any of those English releases you wouldn't recognize her now. Then, on the screen at least, she was a bit too plump and not too pretty. Now she weighs 120 pounds (she's five feet four inches tall) and is remarkably beautiful.

The sparkling air of Sweden seems to have gone to the great Garbo's head. Recently she went on a yachting party, climbed a mast, fell and sprained her ankle. But what a relief it must have been to her to be back home, where she could go out and have fun and sprain her ankle, if that had to happen, without all the fanfare such doings would have caused in Hollywood!

From the Columbia Broadcasting company comes the statement that, out of 15,000 auditions held in one week by their artists' bureau, only twelve persons were signed up. Encouraging! Makes you wonder what some of the people turned down could have been like, when you hear some of those who do land on the air.

Two well-known writers quite obviously selected Katherine Hepburn as the heroine they wanted for a novel. One is running in a popular weekly magazine, the other in a monthly; Fannie Heaslip Lea wrote one story, and Faith Baldwin wrote the other. Both stories, judging by the opening installments, would make swell pictures for Miss Hepburn.

Wonder if that was why the writers chose her as a model? Or was it because she's such a popular type just now?

Add perils of radio—young girls nowadays all seem to be trying to talk like Portland Hoffa, but the boys imitate Tom Howard.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Clark Gable is to appear in his first musical picture, with Jeanette MacDonald as his leading woman . . . They say Josef von Sternberg is going to try to make a glamorous leading lady out of Marian Marsh . . . Looks as if the romance between pretty Helen Vinson and Fred Perry, the tennis champion, had fallen by the wayside . . . "The Irish in Us" is good entertainment, if you like James Cagney and Pat O'Brien and lots of slapstick . . . "China Seas" is good, but why don't they let Jean Harlow prove again what a grand comedienne she is?

© Western Newspaper Union.

Indian Finds Gold Medal Weighing a Half Pound

Holdenville, Okla.—A half-pound gold medal bearing the inscription "Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, 1849" is owned by Roman Yahola, Indian. The medal, believed to be an award for service or an act of heroism, was found by Yahola in an old farmhouse. Seeking shelter from heavy rain, Yahola stumbled across a pile of clothing and old papers in a deserted house. The medal was found under the heap.

Amazing Catalogue of Crimes Committed for Possession of Salt, Through the Ages

The salt of life is also that of death, asserts a writer in the Birmingham (Eng.) Weekly Post.

There are few people who have not heard something of the colorful crime-laden histories of certain famous jewels. Yet never a crime has been committed for the sake of a jewel, but a worse crime has been committed for the sake of salt.

Torture, bloodshed, hate. Medieval justice and modern science, greed of taste, greed of money, greed of power. Emblem of purity—and potent cause of evil.

All these and more help to make the story of salt.

The fact that humans could not live without salt gave rise to the cruel choice offered by medieval European justice to certain men condemned to die.

These men were allowed to choose between immediate execution and a month in prison coupled with an entirely free-of-salt diet. If, at the end of that time they still lived, they might go free.

But man cannot live without salt. Except for a few cases, the victims succumbed—more miserably than if they had met death boldly by the headsman's ax.

Down through the ages the blood-stained romance of salt has slowly been weaved.

To this day men are being tortured to death in African salt mines. Stranded in a desert from which escape is impossible, these wretched slaves, incredibly shriveled and old, labor day after day with only the barest supply of water. With rasping, salt-laden skins, sore eyes, and utterly miserable, they sink gladly into early graves—killed by the very salt without which they could not live.

Yet in other parts of Africa, salt is so scarce and so highly prized men have sold their wives and families for a moderate supply. Children will cast away their sugarcanes in order to seize eagerly on a grain or two of salt. In such places, murder has been done for a bag of salt.

But if we move to yet another part of Africa among the Arabs, to eat of a man's salt is to form a most sacred and honored bond between guest and host. Salt, here, is a not-to-be-dishonored symbol.

The use of salt as a symbol of a contract or covenant that must not be dishonored is very old. It is mentioned in the Bible in this connection in Numbers 18:19, "A covenant of salt for ever . . ." A similar quotation may be found in

Chron. 13:15, "Sacred promises, these—not to be broken."

Salt was—and to some extent still is—an emblem of purity. It was used by Romans, Greeks and Jews in their sacrifices. In the New Testament, Matt. 5:13, Christ tell his disciples they are "the salt of the earth . . ." at the same time warning them not to fall from grace. For " . . . if the salt has lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Even now, because Satan is supposed to hate and fear its purity, salt is sometimes put into a coffin.

Salary nowadays means a fixed periodical payment in return for certain services. Originally, however, the word meant salt rations, and is derived from a Latin word meaning salt.

Ancient Roman soldiers and civil servants were served rations of salt and other necessities, the whole lot going by the general name of "salt." Later on, when money was substituted for the actual rations, the old name stuck.

In parts of New Guinea salt is used as money.

And so the amazing story goes on. Good and evil, health and sickness, cruelty, honor, greed, purity, murder. The salt of life—and death.

Oxford Professor Finds

Redheads Shy on History

A professor of history at Oxford university, Dr. J. M. Thompson, dismisses contemptuously the redheads of his classroom. He has been keeping tabs on them for years, he says, and has found them a "dull lot." "No redhaired man or woman," he avers, "has ever won a first in history at Oxford."

That may be as reported. And it has not occurred to Doctor Thompson, apparently, that students of history, drowsing over books and professors, too, had had a scantlier fare, but for the flaming topknots of the tides and currents.

How impoverished the factual pages without an Alexander, a Julius Caesar, or that "last knight of Europe," Don John of Austria! The noblest of all the prehistoric peoples, the Cro-Magnons, were redhaired and blue-eyed, as were the Greeks of the great days.

No Oxford don needs to be told that it was a redhaired English green that gave us the Elizabethan age and the "tongue of Shakspeare."

Through them the canvases of Titian and Leonardo live forever. The head that panned our Declaration of Independence was thatched in red. Down all the Nile and Mississippi of history, romance and art, they sail superbly. —St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Ancient Steel Not So Good

Ancient Damascus blades, traditionally referred to as superior and splendid weapons, were really made of steel not so good as that produced today.

Hail Ambition!

Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds.

Comic Opera Tactics In Use in China's Civil War

Most of the comic opera tactics that characterized Chinese warfare a few years ago still continue. The Fukien rebellion was reputedly put down by a bribe rather than by force of arms. The Sun-Ma war in Ninghsia province of Inner Mongolia for months alternated between schoolboy arguments over the telegraph to Nanking and surprise attacks on "mediating" armies.

Umbrellas and "big swords" are equally conspicuous in the equipment of a soldier, and the men can never be sure in the morning on which side of the battlefield they will be fighting by sunset.

In at least one of China's numerous fighting areas, however, such methods are definitely discouraged and the result has been a new kind of civil war for China. In Kiangsi province the government troops are at present engaged in a tremendous drive against the Communist regime, the third and largest drive in nearly seven years.

Except when relieved by an occasional irrepressible Chinese touch, the fighters are doing their work in a way that would be a credit to many a better equipped and better trained modern foreign army.—Stuart Lillico in Current History.

Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milnesia Wafer thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow.

Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 35¢ and 60¢ or in convenient tins at 20¢. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective wafers today.

Watch Your Kidneys!

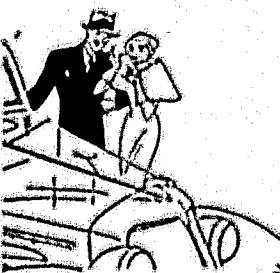
Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen limbs, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

Save with Simoniz!



Simoniz your car . . . you'll find it pays! Simoniz makes a car beautiful to stay—and the finish lasts longer. Cleaning, too, is easy! A dry cloth wipes dust and dirt off without scratching. And, your car sparkles as bright as ever again.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleaner. For your protection the famous trade mark "Simoniz" is on every can.

WOOL-LIKE SILKS POPULAR FOR FALL

Silks resembling wools are important. This is the first year that the texture of these fabrics has been perfected, giving them the depth and heavy "hand" of wools and at the same time the lightness and luxury characteristics of quality silks. They lend themselves beautifully to tailoring and the dressmaker detail of the prevailing mode and are ideal choices for early autumn costumes where a "fall" look but cool texture is still desired. Later they may be worn in steam-heated rooms with the perfect comfort demanded by the American woman.

The outstanding types are in very high twist, novelty constructions, both sides of the silk dull. Many are in heavy sheer constructions. Some have very flat finishes, continuing the surface influence of the taffetas and chiffons.

Wool-like silks are being shown in the early American design collections for jacket suits and tailored dresses and some evening gowns. They are being made up in evening gowns and fur-trimmed suits.

Couple Save Pennies to Provide Park Vacation

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—The old maxim "a penny saved is a penny earned," multiplied 12,207 times, provided a neat Yellowstone Park vacation for Mr. and Mrs. George R. Swalley of Glendale, Calif. Each day as Mr. Swalley, a confectioner, totaled up his receipts, he separated his coppers and, mentally repeating the old adage, dropped the coins into a large sugar sack.

When the collection reached an aggregate of 98 pounds, the couple spent several hours on an inventory and found that their savings were worth \$122.07. They then decided on a vacation to Yellowstone Park. The sackful enable them to go from their California home to Omaha and return by way of the park.

Real Apache Trail

Although the Apache trail is a modern mountain highway in Arizona, traces of the original trail, traveled only by Indians, are to be seen where it travels through Salt River canyon on the road to Phoenix.

MIDSEASON COAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A swaggy coat of uncompromising simplicity in your favorite pastel shade is the thing to wear right now over that summer frock you love best. The model pictured is developed in a new novelty woolen that combines the appearance of chinchilla and softness of polo cloth.

Shirtwaist Frock Simple and Chic

PATTERN 2212

It seems that girls will be girls this season—even in the field of sports! And most welcome, too, is the return to femininity in clothes. That flattering quality is most often achieved through the softness of gathers (as you see in this yoke) or easy freedom of line (like the pleated sleeve with its casual air). But every important tailored detail is retained making the shirtwaist frock so universally becoming! See how trim the collar—how neat the front closing—how simple the pocket! Make yours of sport silk or cotton.

Pattern 2212 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32.



42. Size 16 takes 3 1/2 yards 30 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street New York City.

COURT DEFINES SPEED LIMIT

Motor speed law was thus summed up by Lord Justice Scrutton in the Court of Appeals, London, in connection with a court case arising as the result of a motor car accident, says the Canadian Press: "This court has said three times, and I want it to be generally known, that if you are going at such a speed that you cannot pull up within the limits of your vision, and an accident happens, you are 'in the wrong.'"

Drop in Radium Value

The price of radium, roughly estimated at \$3,000,000 an ounce, is due to decline in value like a sinking ship if installations of powerful X-ray tubes throughout the world for the treatment of cancer prove to be even moderately successful as a million volt tube developed in California.

Worry Is a Disease

You might as well reason against the fashions as reason against worry. There is no logic in either. Worry is a disease; maybe the fashions are.

DIETARY HABITS NEED FOSTERING EARLY IN CHILD

Nothing is quite so important to health as food. The wellbeing of a child depends on it, and his future stamina will reflect nutritive discrepancies in babyhood.

The mother who thinks that there is time enough ahead for corrective diet is laboring under a traditional delusion that up until two years of age and sometimes longer, milk is the sum total of everything.

Milk is the warp and the woof of what it takes to get through life, and especially at its beginning. But it needs supplementing, because its chemistry is low in a few needed essentials and the child, set in his all-milk diet, resists other foods.

Doctors Prescribe Varied Foods.

Doctors long ago recognized the value of adding other foods to the diet of milk, early in babyhood, in order to offset future finicky appetites. Thus the infant of six weeks gets his cod-liver oil and orange juice or tomato juice; a little later a spoonful or two of prepared vegetable juice or even the strained vegetable itself. At a period that in the past would have been considered murderous he gets his bit of cereal, part of the yolk of an egg, a snack of baked potato and mashed stewed fruit.

Whatever today's baby is given, should, of course, be absolutely under the doctor's direction. There is a difference in babies.

But the great truth that many mothers do not know is that children with touchy appetites at six or eight or ten years of age, are the results of fixed preference in babyhood.

Caution Must Be Exercised.

Another thing that should be remembered is that as milk must be the alpha and omega of his meal, therefore the amounts of other food given must not be so great that the willingness to take milk is decreased.

The doctor will give you lists and schedules for feeding. My suggestions here are only for one purpose. That is to show "why" and "how" aversions to needed foods are started. Food habits, which mean flavor habits, have to be cultivated early.

"Dutch Girl" String Holder for Kitchen

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



As a decorative hanger for the kitchen, this little girl will add another smile to your home. It's an attractive string holder and costs only a few cents and a little spare time. An acceptable gift novelty, and after you make up one you will want more of these Dutch Girls to serve you.

This package No. A 1 contains stamped material ready to be cut out, also died out girl's head and shoes printed in colors on heavy board. This material and directions how to make it up will be mailed to you for 15c for one package or four packages for 50c. Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, 19th and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

MORE TAFFETA

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



With the rustling of fall leaves comes the rustle of more taffeta. Which is to say that taffeta is listed high among voguish silks for the new season. To conform to the message of taffeta for fall comes this striking evening ensemble from Paris, to enter in a showing here in America to a select clientele. It is of steel gray silk taffeta. An intricately worked skirt fullness develops into an imposing train. Rows and rows of stitching border the cape edge, the full collar and form the belt. The cape and dress both have neckline ruffles of green silk taffeta. Matching capes are going to be more in fashion than ever.

Egyptians Not Cannibals

Very early Egyptians were accused of cannibalism when bones in their cemeteries revealed what looked like gnawing marks, but later investigation showed that beetles had infested the cemeteries and caused the damage.

ACCEPTING A JOB

A woman whose dignified and served husband was among the employed but who, like Mr. Miller, was expecting something to happen momentarily, was advised by each time he left home for the position at all should come for to wire an acceptance with speed. And when at long last the wife came from Washington the wife so thoroughly imbued with the that she couldn't bear to send a one-word answer like "Yes." "Accept" to the "Will you accept etc., message, so she sent the following:

"Yes thank you ever so much and kisses."—Miss Ann Thorpe the Kansas City Star.

Finds Mules Scarce

Vancouver, Wash.—Washington has no overproduction of mules. Supervisor K. P. Cecil, of Columbia National forest, wanted pack mules for the fire season, weeks' search of Washington forest yielded only 11.

MOSQUITOES Inject Poison

Mosquitoes live on human blood. Before she can draw your blood, however, the mosquito must thin it by injecting a poison. The mosquitoes annoy—are dangerous spread serious disease epidemics. Take chances. Kill mosquitoes. Epidemics with FLY-TOX—proved by 10,000 tests. Accept no substitutes... demand

FLY-TOX

Homeseekers Interested in Tropical Florida—its new \$5,000 tax exemption—invited to write Pioneer Developer, E. Merrick, Inc., Coral Gables, Fla.

When in NEW YORK Live at HOTEL EDISON

NEWEST MOST MODERN HOTEL IN THE HEART OF EVERYTHING. All Outside Rooms—RADIO—TUB—SHOWERS—Ice Water in each room—Restaurants—Famous Green Room—Bar and Cafe... 42 to 47 St. West of Broadway

WNU-2

Where you get what you want

Want a nice single room with private bath in a first class New York hotel for \$2 a day? Then you will get it at the 1000 room Prince George. Here the room clerks are instructed to see that you get what you want.

Room for two persons with private bath from \$1.50 per person. Four fine restaurants serving moderate priced meals. Splendid tap room. Open air roof. Matron for ladies travelling alone. Children's playroom. Location out of the zone of dense traffic, four blocks from large department stores, Empire State Building. Around the corner from the "Little Church Around the Corner" and near other historic churches. Very convenient for motorists; two automobile entrances. Excellent garage. Easy to reach from Holland Tunnel.

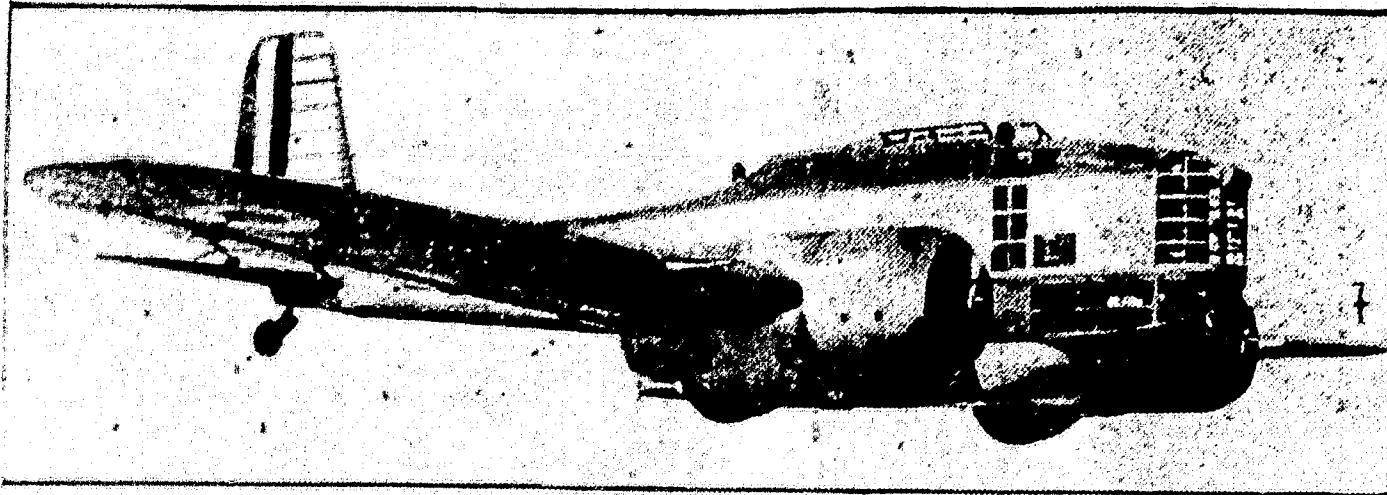
Prince George Hotel

Just off Fifth Avenue at
14 East 28th Street - New York



Address
Alburt M. Gutterson
Manager
for road map showing
new route numbers
through City

France Claims the World's Fastest Bomber



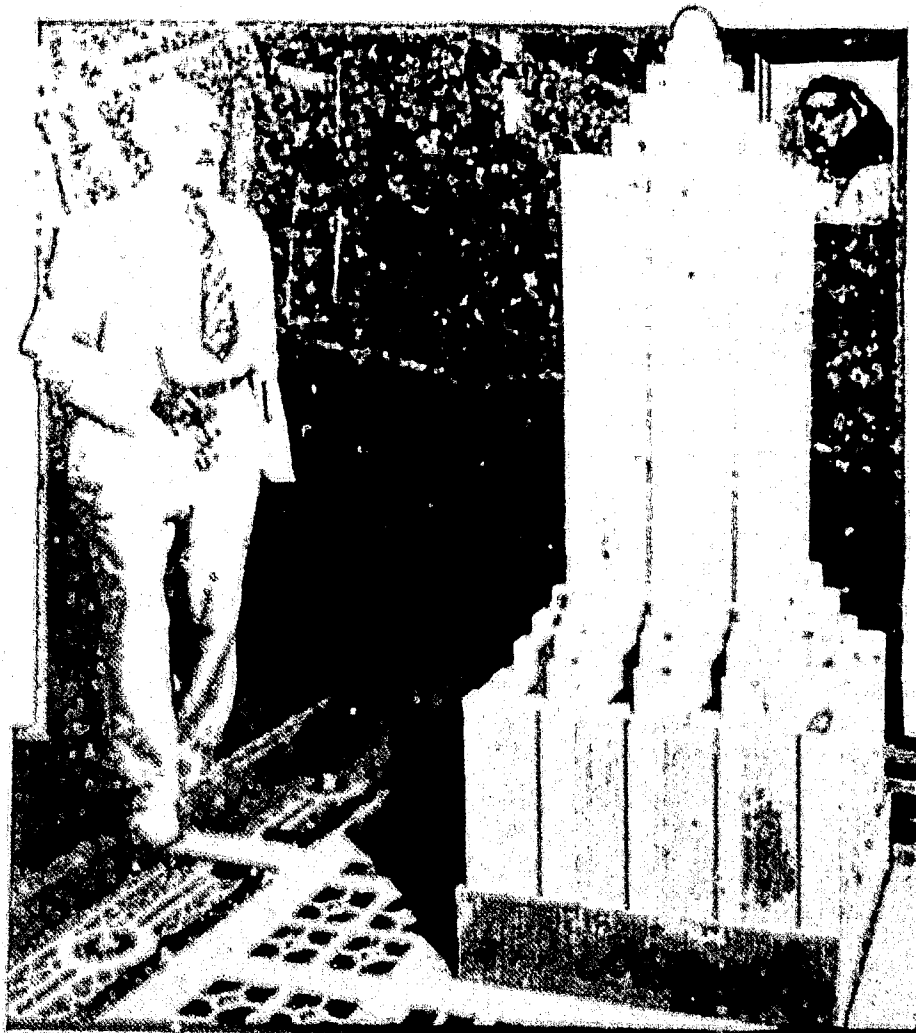
This new style Breguet, built for the French army, is believed to be the fastest bomber in the world. It was photographed as it flew over Madrid with Dieudonne Costes, trans-Atlantic flyer, at the controls.

Waiting for Word From Houdini



Nine years ago Harry Houdini, master magician, died. Before he passed away he made a compact with his wife that he would seek to communicate with her from beyond, giving her certain code signals whereby she might know when he spoke. In her rustic Laurel Canyon home, near Hollywood, Calif., Mrs. Beatrice Houdini waits for that message. She has waited nine years at a shrine in which stands a photograph of the magician beneath a continuously burning light. No word has come, but vigilance unrelaxed, she still waits.

Architectural Dream of Recovery



Havel Bosch, sixty-seven, well known St. Louis architect, shown standing beside his scale model of the 196-story building he proposes as a "World Industrial Mart" and as a panacea for the present depression. Mr. Bosch would have the federal government build this colossal city under one roof, covering four city blocks and piercing the heavens to a height of 2,000 feet. The building would cost \$233,000,000 and would accommodate 250,000 persons.

HE STIRRED ST. PAUL



When Homer S. Cummings, United States attorney general, designated St. Paul as the "poison spot of crime" Wallace Jamie, twenty-seven, crime student, walked into St. Paul's public safety building and asked permission to hang around as a sideline spectator, to watch a police force in action. Jamie watched and worked with the knowledge he had obtained at the University of Chicago and Northwestern university crime schools, and brought into use a number of devices of his own invention. Through a monitor system he tapped all telephone wires in the public safety building and rigged up an instrument to record conversations of police officials. Inside of lamps and telephones he inserted microphones connected to his own office and recording machine. He established a close link between high officials of the police department and the crime element. The greatest shakeup in St. Paul's turbulent police history ensued, and now he has been named deputy commissioner of public safety by H. E. Warren, commissioner.

GETS PARAGUAY POST



Finley Howard of Papillion, Neb., who has been selected as American minister to Paraguay.

All-Time Record Mackinaw Trout



Justus Smith of Beulah, Mich., is telling Miss Lucille Provencer of the Traverse City, Mich., chamber of commerce, how he caught the all-time record Mackinaw trout in Grand Traverse bay. The fish weighed 43 pounds and measured 45 inches in length and qualified Mr. Smith for membership in the Traverse City Che-Ge-Gon, Ottawa for "big fish club." The previous record Mackinaw weighed 39 pounds.

Standard Oil Faces Huge U. S. Suits



Suits seeking recovery of from twenty-five to fifty millions of dollars and restoration to the government of a section of valuable oil land are shortly to be filed against the Standard Oil company of California in federal court. This was revealed by United States Attorney Peterson M. Hall (left) and John W. Preston, associate justice of the California supreme court, pictured as they conferred preparatory to filing of the suit. Justice Preston recently was appointed by President Roosevelt, with confirmation by the senate, as special government counsel to institute and prosecute the oil recovery actions.

Opportunities

In important affairs we ought not so much to apply ourselves to create opportunities as to make use of those which present themselves. (Bacon, on the contrary, said this. "A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." Perhaps he meant that a wise man cannot only find innumerable opportunities, but also make them.)

Use Circular Bed

If you have a large family and there is a dispute over bed covers the solution is a circular bed. According to legend of the founding of the small town of Ohio in 1800, the settlers had 17 children. Ten of the sons slept in a round bed, with all the bed covers made circular in order to prevent unequal shares.